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Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

OCTOBER 1965

50c



COLORADO RIVER • HI-DESERT TRIPS • DESERT STILL

LOW COST PROTECTION for Total Abstainers

FROM
GOLD
STAR

MEDICAL

(FOR DOCTOR'S VISITS)

20 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THIS VALUABLE PROTECTION

1 How Much Will This Policy Pay Me for Surgical Expenses? Up to \$300.00, according to the schedule printed right in your policy.

2 What Are Some Examples from This Schedule? For the following, you would be paid these amounts:

Treatment of Dislocated Hip	\$ 75.00
Appendectomy	\$150.00
Gastrectomy	\$300.00

In the unlikely event you should require more than one operation during the course of any single hospital confinement, sickness or injury, Gold Star will pay you the maximum benefit specified for the most expensive one. And, of course, it's all tax-free cash!

3 What If I Receive Surgical Treatment Outside the Hospital—Would I Still Be Paid? Yes. Your policy provides for payments of up to \$300.00, regardless of whether the surgery is performed in or out of the hospital!

4 Will This Plan Pay for a Registered Nurse at Home? Yes. After you have been hospitalized just five days or more, and your doctor has you employ a full-time registered nurse within 5 days of leaving the hospital, we will help pay for such nursing care right in your own home at the rate of \$10.00 a day for up to 100 days. And you need not employ the nurse for one hundred days in a row because this benefit is payable during the 180 days immediately following your hospital stay!

5 Suppose I Go to the Hospital but Don't Require Surgery. Will I Be Paid for My Doctor's Visits? Yes. When you are hospitalized and surgery is not performed Gold Star will pay you \$4.00 per day for each day your doctor visits you in the

hospital—for up to a total of 80 visits or \$320.00 for each accident or illness!

6 Can I Collect from Gold Star Even if I Carry Other Insurance? Of course. This plan (#NLE-4665R) will pay you in addition to whatever you may receive from any other policies, including Workmen's Compensation.

7 Why Do I Need This Gold Star Plan in Addition to My Other Hospital and Health Insurance? While hospital costs have tripled in recent years, very few people have tripled their insurance. The chances are one in seven that you will require medical care this year — and you will need money to take care of all your other expenses, as well as your hospital bills. Your Gold Star checks are rushed to you by air mail to use as you see fit!

8 May I Apply if I Am Over 65? Yes, you may. Folks any age are welcome to apply — there is no age limit!

9 Will My Protection Be Cancelled Because I Have Too Many Claims? No. Gold Star guarantees never to cancel your protection because you have too many claims or because of advanced age. We also guarantee never to refuse to renew your policy unless renewal is declined on all policies of this type in your entire state. Of course, if deception is used in making application, the policy may be ineffective. This is another way Gold Star protects honest folks who don't drink.

10 Will My Benefits Be Reduced Because of Advanced Age? No. Regardless of how old you become or how many claims you have, your benefits remain the same.

11 What About Pre-Existing Conditions? Any new condition is covered immediately, of course. And, in addition, after your policy has been in continuous effect for just two years, you are even covered for pre-existing conditions! This extra coverage, not usually available at all, is a Gold Star bonus!

12 What Is Not Covered By This Policy? The only conditions not covered are those caused by: the use of alcoholic beverages.

LEADING AMERICANS SAY:



GEN W. K. HARRISON, U.S. Army (Retired): "In my long experience in the Army, I have sadly observed the deadly effect of the use of liquor. I see no reason why non-drinkers should help pay the high costs of insurance due to liquor. After examination of the Gold Star Plan and its operation, I am convinced that it is effectively achieving its objectives."



HON. KARL E. MUNDT, U.S. Senator, South Dakota: "Since health statistics indicate that alcoholic beverages have proved detrimental to the body, I believe the Gold Star Plan makes good sense and enables non-drinkers to receive insurance at rates which recognize that those who abstain from alcohol provide an improved actuarial risk."

GRATEFUL POLICYHOLDERS WRITE:

Edward L. Tompkins, MILTON, ILLINOIS: "It is a privilege and a pleasure to be a member of the Gold Star Family. I have called upon them four times in the past three or four years and received full benefits each time."

Mrs. Lucy E. Walters, TRONA, CALIFORNIA: "Your prompt disposition of my two claims within a year has more than justified my expectations. They were taken care of in the exact manner that you advertised. Thank you."

William McK. Spierer, MANHASSET, NEW YORK: "Of all the types of coverage I carry, only yours took into account major medical bills both in hospital and after. Delighted I joined your plan. Every eligible person should be a member."

Mrs. Eleanor H. Reed, MIAMI, FLORIDA: "In my opinion, the Gold Star Insurance Plan is the greatest thing that has ever happened. It definitely rewards those who are total abstainers. The charges on the policies are so reasonable and the amount of coverage is so generous."

Kendall E. Garriott, MANSFIELD, OHIO: "You were very punctual (same week!) in paying our claim. With a family the size of ours, this prompt check from you made a great deal of difference. In fact, because of it, we met our obligations on time."

Mrs. Lillian Windnagle, BERGLAND, MICHIGAN: "I never in all my 71 years have had any insurance company deal any more fair with me than De Moss Associates have. No red tape or stalling. I'm ever so grateful to you for your fairness and honesty."

Andrew C. Teachman, MATAMORAS, PENNSYLVANIA: "I was both surprised and delighted at the promptness with which my claim was paid. No quibbling, no nonsense; just a check for the full amount a week after I turned the claim paper over to my doctor for his report. It is the simplest claim paper I ever made out for anything."

Mrs. Maysel Elva Glenn, MESQUITE, TEXAS: "I have just received my check by air mail. This was paid within one week from the time I sent my claim in, which is remarkable. Also, your fast, efficient service has been given my husband on four different claims for himself within the past year. I highly recommend this company."

Over 25,000 Claims Paid in 1964!

Gold Star Insurance Policies, available, effective and paying claims in all fifty states and many foreign countries, are underwritten by **NATIONAL LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA** the pioneer and world's largest underwriter of health insurance exclusively for total abstainers. National Liberty Life is licensed solely under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and carries full reserves for the protection of all policyholders.

SURGICAL-NURSE PLAN

(FOR OPERATIONS)

(FOR NURSING CARE)

ages or narcotics; mental or nervous disorders; pregnancy; or any act of war. **Everything else is covered!**

13 What Are the Requirements for Membership in This Gold Star Plan? You must not drink alcoholic beverages; you must not have been refused any health, hospital, or life insurance; you must not have been advised to have an operation which has not yet been performed; and, to qualify during this enrollment period, you must apply before midnight Wednesday, November 3, 1965.

14 Why Is This Offer Good for a Limited Time Only? Because in this way we can utilize group insurance principles and pass the savings on to you.

15 Besides the Savings, Are There Other Advantages to Joining Gold Star During This Enrollment Period? Yes. A very important one is that you do not need to complete a regular application—just the brief form shown below. Also, during this enrollment period there are no other requirements for eligibility—and no “waivers” or restrictive endorsements can be put on your policy!

16 Can Other Members of My Family Take Advantage of This Special Offer? Yes, as long as they can meet the few requirements listed under question 13.

17 How Much Does This Medical-Surgical-Nurse Policy Cost per Person? Only \$1 per person for the first month, regardless of age! Thereafter, premiums for each member are as follows, depending upon age at time of renewal.

When your age is:	Your monthly premium is only:
0 - 39	\$1.97
40 - 59	\$3.89
60 or over	\$6.68

18 How Does the Money-Back Guarantee Work? Examine your policy carefully in the privacy of your own home. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return it within



ten days and we will promptly refund your money. Meanwhile you will be fully protected while making your decision!

19 When Will My Policy Become Effective? At noon of the day we receive your completed application and special \$1 premium. Of course, it must be mailed before this enrollment period ends.

20 How Do I Join? Fill out the application below and mail it, with just \$1 for each person listed, to: The Gold Star Plan, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania 19481.

TO QUALIFY DURING THIS ENROLLMENT PERIOD, YOU MUST MAIL YOUR COMPLETED APPLICATION BEFORE MIDNIGHT WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1965!

SEND IT TO: THE GOLD STAR PLAN, VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA 19481.

Be Sure to Enclose \$1 for Each Person You List on the Application.

APPLICATION TO NATIONAL LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY VALLEY FORGE, PA.
FOR GOLD STAR TOTAL ABSTAINERS MEDICAL-SURGICAL-NURSE POLICY #NLLE-4665R

NAME (Please Print) _____ 0-0-1-2865-105

First Middle Initial Last

ADDRESS _____

Street City State Zip

AGE _____ DATE OF BIRTH _____ SEX Male ☐ Female ☐

Month Day Year

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below: (DO NOT include name that appears above.)

NAME (Please Print)	RELATIONSHIP	SEX	AGE	DATE OF BIRTH

Neither I nor any person listed above uses alcoholic beverages; has been refused any health, hospital, or life insurance; or has been advised to have an operation which has not yet been performed. I hereby apply for the Gold Star Medical-Surgical-Nurse Plan, form #NLLE-4-6-65R. I have enclosed \$1.00 for each person listed above for the first month's coverage. I understand the policy is not in force until actually issued.

If, for any reason, I am not completely satisfied with this new protection—I may return my policy within ten (10) days for cancelling and my payment will be promptly refunded. If I decide to continue, I may do so at the special Gold Star rates for the attained age(s) at renewal date.

Date _____
NLLE-4A-6-65R

X

Signature _____

FOR HOME OFFICE USE ONLY

DUE PAID

Desert Has a New Face . . .

Last month we moved into our new building, and this month we have a new face.

In addition to the editorial offices, the "New Home of DESERT MAGAZINE" has the largest selection of books on the West plus our museum, which is growing daily as readers bring in Western artifacts so they may be shared with others. Our new building is located at Lantana and Larrea, only a block away from the old location. (See last month's issue.)

Our new "face" is a new type which has proven to be easier to read, more legible and will contribute to your relaxation as you travel through the little known areas of the West. Our new type makeup, incidentally, is just one of the many innovations you will find in the pages of DESERT during the coming months.

Jack Pepper
Publisher

JACK PEPPER, *Publisher*

CHORAL PEPPER, *Editor*

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Desert

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ADDRESS _____

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ADDRESS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME _____

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(Or 2 One Years)

(Or Three One Years)

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED

☐ BILL ME LATER

☐ ALSO SEND DESERT'S 12-ISSUE HANDSOME BROWN VINYL BINDER FOR \$3.50
(includes tax and postage)

Date Binder(s) with Year(s) _____ ☐ Undated

Desert

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WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

IN BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR 16 YEARS BY MAIL USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM



T 501

Thinkin' of you—With friendly Greetings of the Season and Happiness throughout the New Year—by Arthur FitzSimmons



T 502

Silent Night on the Prairie—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you through all the year—Echo Hawk



T 504

A Cowboy's Christmas Eve—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year—by Joe Stahley



T 505

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T 507

A Memory of Christmas—6 line verse ending... Have a Merry Christmas in the good old-fashioned way—by Stahley



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T 539

"Every good gift..." is from above..."—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—by Joe Stahley

Yes, these are the western Christmas cards you've been looking for! Best quality art in superb color for 1965. Bright, authentic scenes, by mail only. Heavy, white paper folds to a rich 4 3/4 x 6 3/4 card. Deluxe envelopes—extras included. We can print your name in red to match greetings. Cards sent safely in our exclusive "Strong Box" carton. Our time-tested ways and experienced staff offer 24 hr. shipping 'til Christmas. It's fun to buy from the Leanin' Tree!

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box below illustration. Cards may be assorted at no extra cost. Order all of one kind or as many of each as desired. Circle total quantity and cost on price list. Canada residents please remit in U.S. dollar value. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. You may order by letter or fill out coupon and mail this entire page with cash, check or money order to The Leanin' Tree. Thank you kindly.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH

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Names to be printed on cards:

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Desert BOOKS

WARRIORS OF THE COLORADO By Jack Forbes. Covers all Indian tribes of the Colorado River and is especially recommended to readers pursuing the early history of Southern California and Arizona. Illustrated with historic photos. \$5.95.

THE OLD ONES By Robert Silverberg. Good book to introduce the Anasazi—ancestors to the Pueblo Indians—to readers newly interested in cliff dwellings and ruins of Arizona and Utah. Recommended for young adults (14 or over) as well. \$4.95.

THE LAME CAPTAIN By Sardis W. Templeton. A book eagerly awaited by Pegleg "aficionados" who seek documented information regarding his life and trails across the desert. Hardcover, 239 pages. \$7.50.

GOLD! By Gina Allen. How gold since cavemen days has incited murder and war, inspired poets and artisans and borne the commerce of the world is told in such an exciting fashion that it reads like fiction. Recommended for everyone. \$5.95.

THE WESTERN HERO By Kent Ladd Steckmesser. Here the author presents the straight dope about Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson, Bill Cody, Billy the Kid and other heroes of the early West, with a good sound theory about what made heroes of yesterday, and what makes heroes of today. \$5.95.

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New Books for Desert Readers

BAJA CALIFORNIA OVERLAND

By L. Burr Belden

This is a good, practical, informative paperback about traveling through Baja California from the border as far south as La Paz. It is based upon gleanings of a 1964 field trip for an extension study of lower California sponsored by the University of California. Faculty members accompanied the trip and lectures were given along the way pertaining to botany, archeology, history, etc. These have all been captured in Mr. Belden's book, along with experiences from his other 22 trips below the border. The book contains current information pertaining to roads, short-cuts, supplies, accommodations, and things to be sure to see. This is a worthwhile little 64-page book with good black and white illustrations. \$1.95.

THE WILD BUNCH

at Robbers Roost

By Pearl Baker

The Wild Bunch was a group of horse thieves and desperadoes who operated out of an area known as Robbers Roost in the high desert country in Southeastern Utah during the latter 1800s. The frustrating experiences of lawmen and posses who attempted to penetrate the labyrinthian wastes to track down the criminals is told by Pearl Baker.

Because her father had a cattle ranch in Robbers Roost where she grew up, she knows the area and the details of the book come from first hand tales told to her by her father and others. The 255-page illustrated, hard cover sells for \$7.50.

THE DESERT KINGDOMS OF PERU

By Victor W. von Hagen

More than any other type of terrain, the arid desert preserves evidence of its inhabitants. This is the first detailed book about the libidinous Mochias, prehistoric desert dwellers of ancient Peru.

In 1771 Charles III of Spain fostered the earliest discovery of the Mochica-Chimu civilizations, dating as far back as 3000 B.C., but it wasn't until recent years that archeologists paid much attention to

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the documented descriptions of this early civilization. When they did, further excavations turned up some of the most exciting and revealing art, architecture and agricultural evidence of prehistoric America.

Because these materials were buried in desert land, they were exceptionally well preserved. A great number of pottery vessels survived, dramatically illustrating the appearance, style of dress, domestic, and particularly the love life, of these uninhibited people. As the author stresses, pornography has always been a male contribution, but because the incidents graphically commemorated on Mochias clay vessels were created by women potters and so frankly innocent in intent, archeologists today are not as shocked as were early Spanish priests—and even earlier Incas—who first came upon their civilization. These early people recognized a clan relationship, were of proto-mongoloid descent, and animistic in doctrine.

American ethnographer and archeological historian von Hagen traveled widely throughout the Peruvian desert to gather original material for this unusual and important book. It is well presented, interesting, and generously illustrated with photographs and line drawings in color and black and white. 191 pages, hardcover. \$10.00.

EXPLORING DEATH VALLEY

By Ruth Kirk

If you're planning a trip to Death Valley, here's a book you'll want to look over in advance of your trip. Photos and maps are excellent and the author estimates travel times from place to place, and explains geology, natural history and human history of Death Valley's remote and intriguing desert land. Paperback, 87 pages. \$1.95.

THE BOOK OF DIAMONDS

By Joan Younger Dickinson, with an introduction by Harry Winston.

From the moment this book gets off the ground, you're captured. Probably no other natural product of the earth, unless it's gold, holds the glamor, romance and lore of the diamond. From the first diamonds discovered, in India, the author traces their history through Brazilian diggings of the South African diamond rush and the development of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, LTD.

Photographs show the process of mining and the intricacies of cutting and faceting in detail. Here also are the stories of the most famous and infamous diamonds of all times—the Hope, the Orloff, the famous diamonds found in Murfreesboro, Arkansas, the Uncle Sam and the Star of Arkansas.

Diamonds are greasy looking when found, and apparently associated with volcanic activity. Only an informed rockhound would recognize the natural gem for what it is. This authoritative book, written with wit and style, is the most informative ever written about diamonds.

Illustrated with old engravings and photographs, the book contains 226 pages, is hard-cover and sells for \$5.95.

CHARM, HISTORY AND HERITAGE

By Adele Reed

This unusual little paperback presents a fine record of early Western mining camp architecture. From the grandeur of Nevada's famous Virginia City manors to a miner's rock shanty in Pickhandle Gulch, the author has painstakingly photographed the best examples and faithfully recorded them with a wealth of historical data. Included also are details of graveyard fences, stables, trading posts, court houses and other public buildings native to the desert. Areas covered include ghost towns of Mother Lode communities and stretch on down through eastern Nevada to Death Valley. Paperback, black and white photos, with 77 pages, it sells for \$2.75.

Play Santa Claus!

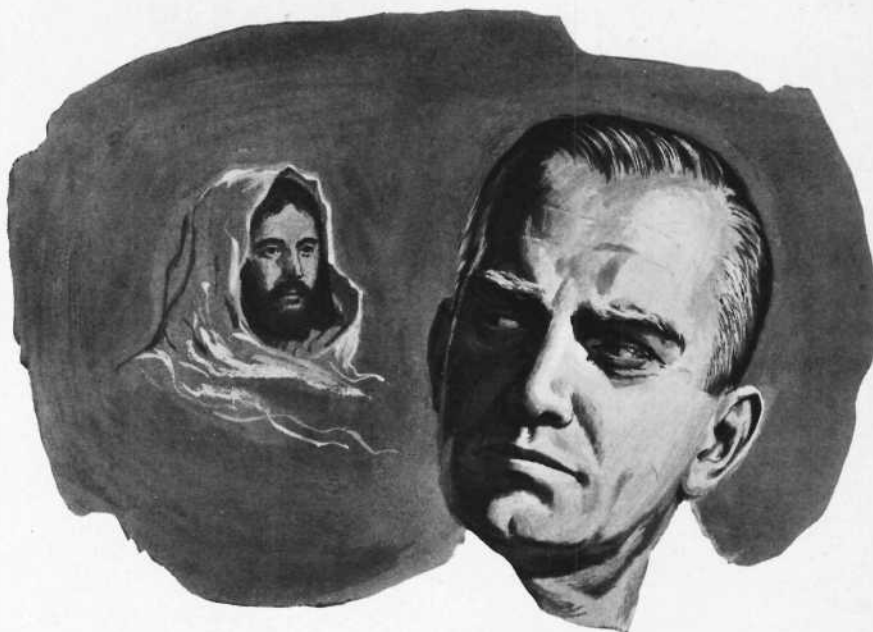
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Desert

FOR

Christmas 1965

SOMETHING TELLS ME!



Develop Your Intuition... The Unlearned Knowledge

Whence come the whisperings of self—the still small voice within? Who has not experienced that certain impelling impression that suddenly flashes into consciousness? It conveys that undeniable conviction of truth that neither reason nor persuasion can set aside. The *intuition* is a source of unlearned knowledge—a reservoir of superior judgment that lies enshrined in the subconscious. It strives to guide and advise you—even against the dictates of will.

There is nothing supernatural or uncanny about intuition. Beneath your surface consciousness exists *another mind*. It can be a source of inspiration, of new and startling ideas. Intuition is the fountainhead of creative ability. Every person's life can be fuller, richer in achievement, if he learns to awaken and direct intuition. Don't wait for enlightenment. *Call it forth.*

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WATER for SURVIVAL is EVERYWHERE

if you know how to get it . . .

by Ernest Douglas

A mimeographed circular, with a drawing and detailed directions for setting up a desert still, may be had free by writing the U. S. Water Conservation Laboratory, Route 2, Box 816-A, Tempe, Arizona.



IF YOU'RE LOST in the desert, or stranded because a car broke down or a plane motor conked out, death from thirst is the least of your perils. Water is all about you, in cacti and even in the dusty looking surface soil.

All you need to extract enough of that water to sustain life is a square of clear plastic that may cost \$2, enough strength to dig a shallow hole, and the know-how to make a simple "desert still."

With the aid of sun heat you may recover two pints through the day and one pint through the night from the flesh of the bisnaga, giant saguaro or prickly pear. It is no trick to collect a pint or so from the soil alone, in 24 hours.

Fantastic? It is being done right along,



Chop up the bisnaga, put it in hole with container. Cover hole with Tedlar plastic and place weight in center above container.



although until just the other day no one dreamed that recovery of water from earth and arid-land vegetation was possible without elaborate equipment.

The "desert still" is hailed as the first real advance in desert survival technique since some Indian learned that he could smash the head of a bisnaga, chew the white inner pulp which looks like the inside of an unripe watermelon, and stay alive until he reached the next water hole. He probably gagged, for the taste of that pulp is vile. The flesh of other cacti is even more unpalatable, perhaps another protective mechanism to supplement thorns.

But evaporate and condense that moisture and it's pure water. Evaporation and condensation are the functions of the desert still.

Inventors of the ingenious device are Dr. Ray Jackson and Dr. Cornelius van Bavel, physicists at the U. S. Water Conservation Laboratory, Tempe, Ariz. Their daily research is concerned with the movement of water in soil. Almost accidentally they hit upon a means of utilizing solar heat to draw water out of soil and condense it on plastic, from which it drips into a vessel.

If you have a shovel for digging purposes it eases the labor involved in setting up a still. No equipment is indispensable, however, except a six-foot square of clear plastic, one mil thick.

By repeated trials the Tempe scientists have determined that the pit should be about 40 inches in diameter and 22 inches deep. It should go straight down for a foot or so, then taper toward the bottom.

In the bottom set a small pail or quart can. Stretch the plastic across the top and anchor it at the edges with earth from the excavation.

In the very center of the plastic a stone is placed. This weights the film down, forming a "dimple" directly over the vessel.

Within a few minutes, if the sun is shining, drops of water may be seen on the under side of the film, trickling toward the point of the dimple, then falling into the receiver.

Dr. Jackson sometimes tapes one end of a long, flexible tube to the inner side of the pail, near its base. Within an hour, or even sooner, he can suck out a small drink that would be a godsend to a thirsty man on a hot day. Lacking such a tube, he could lift out the pail and then replace it.

Of all the plastics tried, a new one called Tedlar is the most satisfactory because it is "water-adherable." Plain polyethylene will serve in a pinch, but it is not absorbent and the droplets tend to fall straight down as they form, missing the pail. Another plastic, Mylar, does well enough if roughened on the under side.

At the start, Dr. Jackson and Dr. van Bavel experimented in gravelly mesa soil that analyzed 4 per cent water. Day after day they recovered a pint or more every 24 hours, as moisture moved in to replace that withdrawn. In a heavier soil that was 18 percent water, after a rain, recovery averaged three pints a day for nearly two months.

But there is obviously more moisture in live plants, even prickly desert flora, than in ordinary earth. So Dr. Jackson, who carried on the experimentation after the temporary departure of his colleague, began slicing cacti and arranging slices

around the side of the pit, inside facing outward. Right away he began capturing three or four times as much water as from soil alone.

Fortunately, the three best water yielders are among the most common cacti. There is little difference between results from an arm broken from a giant saguaro, and a bisnaga or "niggerhead." The yield is slightly higher from prickly pear slabs, sliced edge to edge. Why this should be so is puzzling, for bisnaga flesh runs as high as 94 per cent water right after a rain and is little less moist after months of drought.

Creosote bush foliage yields about as much water as plain soil, mashed cholla branches not too much more. Tests with these and other growths have been conducted more out of curiosity than for any other reason. They do not contain as much water as the bisnaga, saguaro or prickly pear, and at least one of that trio is found almost anywhere in deserts of the American Southwest.

The prickly pear, which is perhaps more widely distributed over the world than any other cactus family, happens to be absent from the private property where Dr. Jackson has his "distillation lab." The bulk of his experimenting is done with bisnagas uprooted by a

recent flood and doomed to die anyway. By this time he can look at a bisnaga a foot or so in height and say "one gallon plus a pint" or glance at one that's full-grown and estimate "ten gallons or more."

Long after bisnaga pulp is as leathery as an old shoe, it continues to give up some water. If it is left in the pit, recovery is greater than from soil alone.

Advice to desert travelers is to carry a sheet of Tedlar, which is so thin and light that it easily slips into a pocket when folded. If you don't take along a vessel of some kind, take an extra and smaller piece of plastic to fashion a cup in the pit that you'll dig with a spade if you have one, with your hands or a dead saguaro rib if you don't. A long knife is handy for slicing prickly pear slabs but a bisnaga may be bashed to pieces with a rock or stick and the shape of the pieces inserted in the pit doesn't matter.

Pick a site for maximum hours of sunshine. Easiest digging is likely to be in the bottom of a wash, and that's where the dampest soil will probably be, but avoid bank or tree shadows.

And have patience. The desert still is not instantaneous, though it may provide a precious gill of pure water within an hour. ///



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ARIZONA'S FAMOUS SPOOKS

by Janice Beaty

ARIZONA SPOOKS need no haunted houses nor dismal decor to further their spectral pursuits. The open range, the craggy cliffs, the inscrutable desert have always served them well. From the canyon lands of Utah to the Mexican border they have flourished in favorite haunts staked out in ancient days long before white men appeared.

Atop two huge rock columns at the junction of Monument Canyon and Canyon de Chelly in northern Arizona live apparitions which have long frightened Navajo children and kept them on their best behavior. One, an old ghost woman lives on Speaking Rock and loves to tattle on naughty boys and girls to the giant spider spirit who dwells next door on Spider Rock. He will then descend to earth, capture the disobedient child and carry him back up his rock to be eaten, so the story goes. Wary Navajo boys point out that Spider Rock's 900-foot top is colored white . . . from the bleached bones of its victims, they insist!

Navajo adults are just as leery of the old sink-hole in Chinle Wash Valley five miles south of Chinle, Arizona. It goes by the name of "Bekihatso Lake" when full of water in the summer. But generally it is the largest dry lake in the region. Few of the older folks will approach the place, for here dwells the terrible Navajo water monster, they believe. No one knows when next it will appear, but old Navajos report definite groaning noises when the lake is full of water.

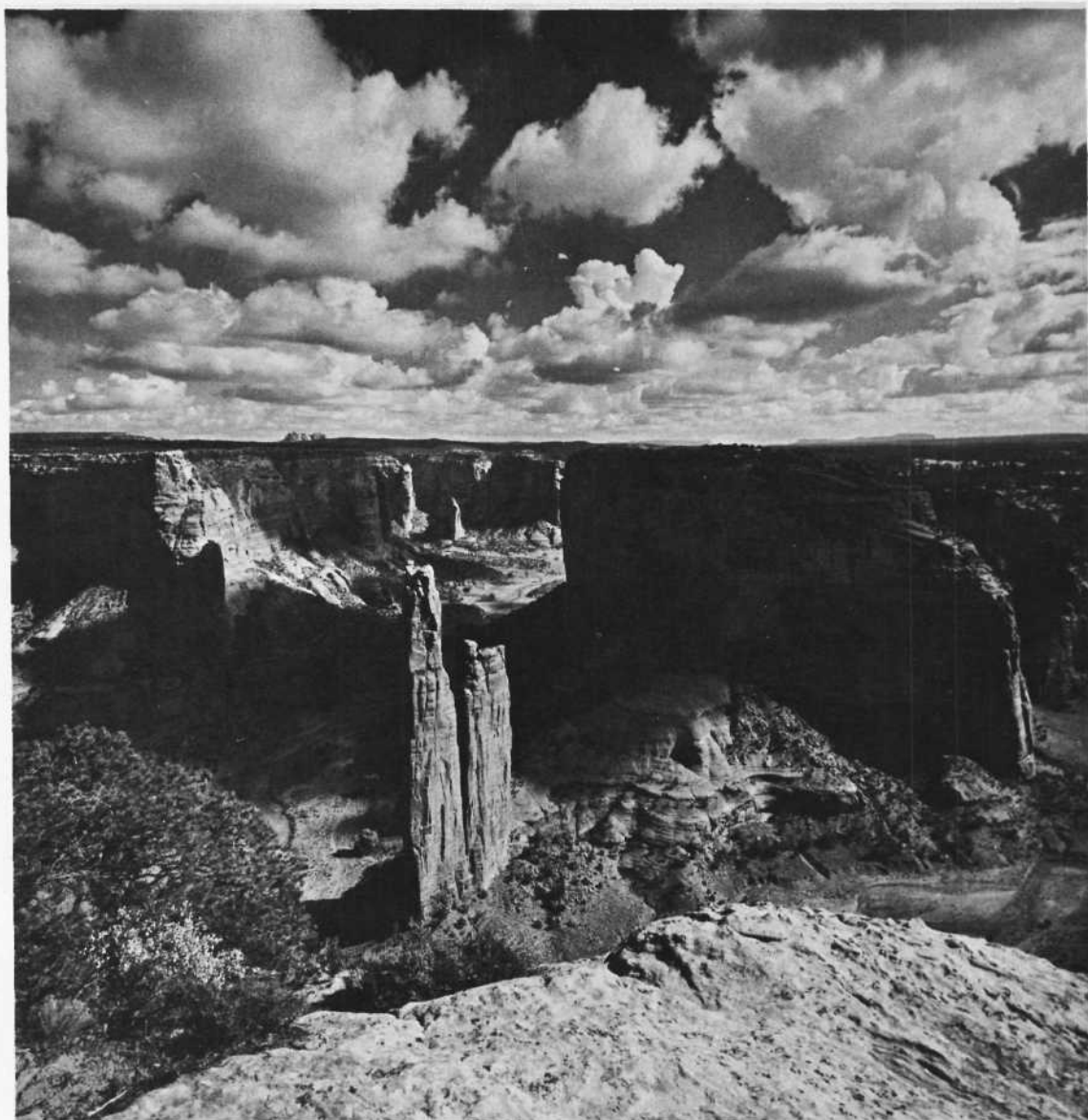
The northwest corner of Petrified Forest National Park north of U.S. 66 is another legendary site of Navajo spooks. But visitors to the pleasant picnic area on Chinde Point should not be alarmed that *chinde* means "ghost" in the Navajo tongue. The entire area got the name Chinde Mesa quite by accident. It seems that some years ago a geologist with a field-mapping expedition accidentally fell into some water nearby and went into a deserted hogan to change. Most hogans in Navajo country are

abandoned after a death has occurred within, because they are feared to be haunted. But a party of Navajos who happened to ride up to the deserted hogan that particular day was totally unprepared for what it found. A naked geologist stepped from the darkened doorway to see who was coming. One glimpse of the pale white figure, and the Indians streaked away, shrieking, "Chinde! Chinde!" The mapping crew figured it was a fitting name for the entire mesa, and Chinde Mesa it remains to this day.

Much of Arizona north of the Colorado River in Mohave County is a no-man's land. Here near Mt. Turnbull is one of the Paiute Indians' most dreaded locations: Witch Water Pocket. First white man to view it was the noted geologist Major Clarence Dutton who explored the area in the 1880's. His Indian guide feared the spot and told how the witches who haunted it had to be driven away from time to time because of the trouble they caused. Even Dutton was chilled by the weirdness of the place and described it as having: "jagged masses of black lava still protruding through rusty, decaying cinders . . . The pool itself might well be deemed the abode of witches . . ."

The Grand Canyon itself had one famous Indian ghost that only his squaw could see. At the west end of the park near Sinyala Mesa the name of a protruding point perpetuated the story of the Indian woman Yunosi and her husband Hotuata. After Hotuata's death his spirit often appeared to his squaw so vividly that she seemed to forget her Indian tongue and called out in the crude English her husband had taught her. Whenever his vision appeared she would shriek to those around her: "You no see? You no see?" Hence her name, and the name of the location: Yunosi Point.

Fame of the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix and near Apache Junction has long rested on tales of the notori-



Spider Rock at Canyon de Chelly by Frank Jensen.

ous Lost Dutchman's gold mine. But the original "superstition" that named them was the desert Indian belief that no one who entered this haunted region would ever return. Years ago the Apaches kept the legend alive by ambushing any stranger who dared enter their stronghold. But more recently a few modern prospectors have also disappeared . . . without a trace!

Willcox Playa is an enormous dry lake bed west of Dos Cabezas on the road to Tucson. Its spooky nature has to do with the truly astonishing mirages that are produced here. Battleships, buildings, water fountains, mosques and an Indian woman carrying a papoose are only a few of the strange images that have been sighted. Almost anything can be seen, people claim, simply by staring hard at the lake bed shimmering in the heat of

midsummer. For instance, two navy fliers who were ferrying a flying boat across the country during World War II, spotted a huge expanse of deep blue water below and decided to land for a rest. What a shock when they thumped down on the bone-dry desert of Willcox Playa!

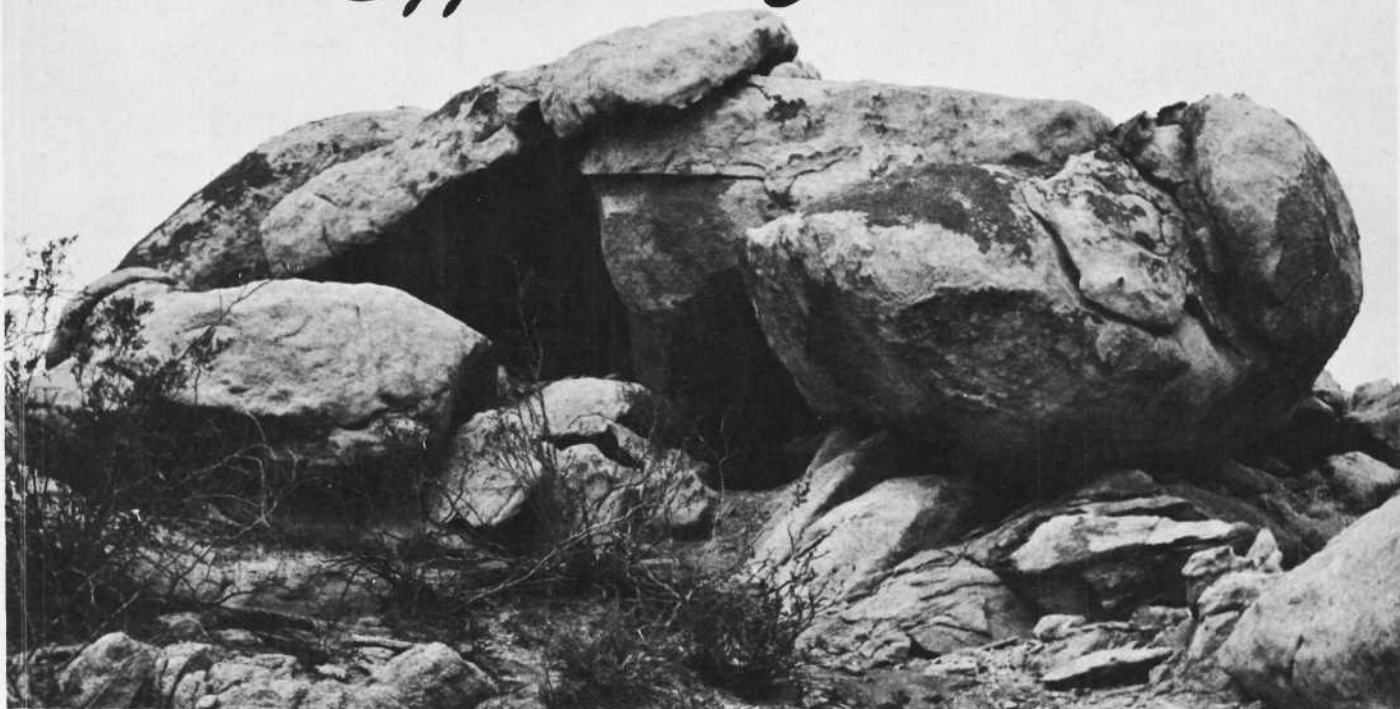
But the strangest Arizona spirit of all is surely the mysterious Blue Lady, known to the southern desert Indians as La Senorita Azul. According to their legends this beautiful young woman dressed in blue first appeared to their ancestors in the 1600s, coming to tell them of the Christian God. First white men to hear about the Blue Lady were the early Spanish missionaries who were astounded to discover certain tribes already professing Christianity because of her visits.

Stranger still is the fact that Marie Coronel de Agreda, the devout head of a religious order in Spain between 1629 and 1665 whose members wore blue robes, claimed to have repeatedly visited the Indians of the New World. She gave detailed descriptions of tribes not seen by white men until after her death. Yet it has been proven beyond a doubt that Marie Coronel never in her life left Spain! Nor would it have been possible for a lone white woman, afoot and without provisions (as the Indians claim) to have traveled through the desert undetected.

The Blue Lady still appears to desert Indians occasionally . . . especially to women or children, to bring them some great gift of heaven. To others she will always remain the most remarkable of Arizona's ancient ghosts. ///

*we've heard of Eggheads and we've heard of Cavemen,
but this story is by the original*

Eggheaded Caveman



by Charles Allen

TWO OR THREE days out of each month I live in a desert cave at the southern base of Negro Butte, an ancient volcano.

I am a college professor and, now and then, need to get away from students, colleagues, and family. I need, now and again, to read non-academic books and think non-academic thoughts. The Mohave Desert—any southwestern desert—is good to think and read about.

For hours at a time I gaze at the land and the sky, gaze without a thought, absorbed in quiet and solitude. Perhaps I project my inner needs onto the clouds and the mountains, force the wide scene to crack some of my defenses, to relax my soul. Perhaps I am to some degree freed from my locked-up ego, beguiled into a larger world, given the right to apprehend my small place in vastness.

But first the cave, or rather the granite run in which my den is located. It is a finger of fracturing stone, a stretch of quartz monzonite, a type of granite. It is 600 feet long, about 50 feet wide, and from five to 30 feet high. It is rough and tumbled, with crevices and recesses, sunny and shady nooks, wind breaks and wind blows.

The cave among these rocks is not large, about 15 square feet, high enough to stand in, towards the front. It is relatively cool during hot hours and can be warmed to about 10 degrees above the 4:00 A. M. cold. I cook and eat in it, read and write, and do a great deal of sleeping. The entrance is sheltered from the prevailing wind.

On my way to the cave I usually stop in the village of Lucerne Valley, California, for a few groceries and a pound or two of ice cubes. Then I continue 10 miles to Negro Butte.

Arriving at my rocks, I park among several flat-topped boulders, onto which I unload my gear, a few light boxes containing such items as cooking utensils and a first aid kit. In a cool, shaded crevice, I store four bottles of water and an ice-cooled bag with the perishable foods. Finally I take a collapsible cot, a sleeping bag, half of a parachute, and a brief case up to the den. The cot serves as a chaise longue. The parachute can be hung over the cave entrance on windy days or cool nights. The brief case contains a couple of books, writing materials, and a clip board. Within 10 minutes my camp is set.

I usually breakfast around 6:00, sitting in my den and admiring the view. The

grotto entrance faces to the south, towards the long strike of the thrust-faulted San Bernardino Range. In the foreground the dry washes twist towards the dry lake bed two miles below. Scattered haphazardly about are granite boulders, decaying granite pyramids, and conical granite caprocks. Around these stony places, as around mine, the olive-colored creosote bush pours down over the gray-yellow sand and gravel — alluvium — cascades towards the valley floor, and then arises swiftly upward to the oak, the cedar, and the pine. There at the top, where the land and the green trees meet the blue sky, the San Bernardino northern crest arches 4000 feet above the Lucerne Valley floor.

One of the higher spots is Silver Peak. About a half million years ago the limestone cap of the mountain fell off, hit a shelf about 2000 feet below, and became a swift rockslide. It cruised down the mountain at over 50 miles an hour, riding a thin blanket of compressed air on its six-mile journey. Peak, launching platform, and the long tongue of the landslide rubble are part of my view. And, as I breakfast, I can see a crimson scar on the mountain, not far from the platform which launched the great landslide. The scar is a memory of the Santa Fe Gold Mine, operated from the late 1800s to the

early 1940s. Thomas W. Dibblee, Jr., of the U. S. Geological Survey, indicates that the gold was mined from open cuts and "from at least nine adits of from 2500 to 3000 feet in combined length." There was a 1600 ton cyanide mill. The reported output in all those years was only \$300,000.

The Santa Fe mine is typical of gold and silver mines in these parts — abandoned, never very profitable, a history of shattered dreams: the Greenland, the Desert View, the Akron-Silver Reef. The Independence shipped 10 tons of ore.

I know a man to the north of Negro Butte who has found gold. He has a mine tunnel and thinks he has made the most splendid find of the century. Luck to him. And luck to me, as I search the quartz seams which run through the granites of my rockpile.

Having dined and absorbed the view, I faced a minor dish washing problem. I wipe the knife and fork with the napkin, set a match to it and the plate, and signal with a thin smoke for any small bird or animal to come for the apple core and bread crust which I have thrown out for them. Sooner or later they come.

During the early morning hours, I explore: collect plant and rock specimens, search for animal tracks, and look for evidence of prehistoric man. There are a surprising number of animals and a variety of plants. Interspersed among the creosote are the white burro-weeds and ephedra. During the spring months there are the flowering shrubs and the thousands of delicate wild flowers — white, yellow, blue, purple, pink, and red. I have identified many of the blossoms described in Philip A. Munz's *Desert Wild-*

Outstanding petroglyph site is located in Rodman Mountains.



flowers. Of course the most obvious plants are the creosote, yucca and joshua. Some of the animals noted by Edmund C. Jaeger in his *North American Deserts* are about, even the wildcat and black-tailed deer. I see their tracks and spoor but rarely glimpse them.

As for evidence of prehistoric man, I have found around the cavern Shoshonean Indian tools — metates, scrapers, hammer stones. Several before me have inhabited my grotto. After all, although the nearest spring is about four miles away, there are not many natural shelters in these parts.

The chipping flakes and artifacts which I discovered around my cave, like those



Boy makes friends with burro at Lucerne Valley dude ranch.

found four miles to the southeast at Cottonwood and Old Woman Springs, are probably of anywhere from 200 to 1000 years old.

Of the various Shoshonean groups which might have left their traces around the cave, the Chemehuevi are the most likely. According to Edmund C. Jaeger's *North American Deserts*, "The Chemehuevi, perhaps the most miserable Indians in the West, were undoubtedly victims of their environment." Hemmed in by the Yumans along the Colorado River, the Mohave to the north, and by other more affluent Shoshoneans in the ranges to the south and the west, the Chemehuevi worked from spring to spring in their ceaseless quest for food and water. They left their petroglyphs on the basalt, but often little else. They did have, however,



Negro Butte looms up big and black.

their storage ollas for seed and water, their manos and metates for grinding, their spears and their arrows for hunting, their knives and scrapers for skinning and dissecting, their prayer sticks for the notice of the gods—all of which have been found in abundance in the caves of the Mohave. They also, I imagine, may have had their water bags and amulet pouches, their cosmetic jars and their reed mats.

I also know another minor fact: not all of the descendants of the Chemehuevi are to be found on a reservation near Parker on the Colorado, between the reservations of their old enemies, the Mohaves and the Yumas, as many believe. I know of a beautiful young lady, golden amber of skin, who sometimes offers me a Martini. She has a place in the desert east of Twenty-nine Palms, California—and one in Beverly Hills, California. Indians also read Walden, become Phi Beta Kappas, acquire deviousness and wealth. Indians are people, given the chance.

I hope that the Chemehuevi who used the cave, for whatever purpose — as a shady way station on a trade or hunting trail, as a defense point, as a manufacturing center, as a hearth and home — were not too "miserable." Aad perhaps they were not. A good supply of fresh water is still available down at Old Woman Springs, although it is now on private property. The dry lake bed a mile and a half to the south may not have been so dry a few hundred years ago. And where there is water there are animals, and animals can mean food. There is a shallow basin, about four feet in diameter, on an expanse of bedrock, a couple of hundred feet south of my cave. This small natural tank collects a few gallons of water during every rain. The rabbits and coyotes are always quick to find the water, and sometimes the black-tailed deer. I do not molest them. But I imagine that the Chemehuevi might have.

Occasionally I take off down the wash

on my way to a gossiping and shopping expedition in Lucerne. On the way I often stop at one of the ranch houses. The ranchers are usually glad to see me and I to see them. They are for the most part a hearty, independent breed, and on the whole I enjoy their talk.

One of my neighbors is a water wizard, forked peachwand and all. He has discovered liquids throughout the Southwest and Mexico. I know the places, and can vouch for his magic. He assures me that there is a strong artesian flow under my five acres. Because he uses astrology in addition to his wand, I am inclined to trust him! He is a famous man around Lucerne Valley.

Boulders grade into gravel, gravel into sand, and sand into silt. Sprinkle water on sand and silt, drop seeds, and plants and trees burgeon on the valley floor. I know of an oasis, with a house and a four-story water tower, a couple of miles from my cave. The tower shelters an electric pump which draws enough water for five acres. There is grass, and there is a garden which raises 35-pound watermelons. There are 536 dawn-singing birds among the peach and apricot and plum trees. Standing in its oasis, the tower can be seen for miles around. Unlike Thoreau, the owner fears that he cannot live on fruits and vegetables and

water alone. He wishes to sell. If I were a land-buying person, I think I would purchase his toy: secretly, I have always yearned to own a tower, and to become a wizard.

During the afternoons, I work on my diary and journal. But I mainly read. Frequently I read an archeological report on Pinto man; or a technical geological report on Mohave volcanism; or a book on Mohave flora and fauna; or a novel with a Mohave setting; or a book by Thoreau. I enjoy testing Thoreau's experience around Walden Pond against my experience around my cave. I have reconsidered *Walden*, and I have found it good—despite its somewhat too trusting view of nature, God and man, and despite its shaggy reluctance to admit much of the female principle into its hierarchy of transcendental truth.

For dinner I eat a noodle, a tomato, a hamburger — or, when I am flush — a steak or a trout. As night approaches, I often sit at the mouth of my den and observe a few squares yards of my "Bean Field." Above the field I have seen ravens, buzzards, bats and hawks — all hunting. On my bean patch I have seen coyotes, burrowing owls, rattlesnakes, lizards—all meat hunting. In the twilight the small hawks swoop low and fast in their fierce search for blood and flesh.

The tortoise with his delicate lumber, and the jackrabbit with his quivering nose, however, are not famous stalkers. They are feeders, nibblers of flowers and bushes, ravagers of my bean field. All are welcome. I try not to trample the plants and shrubs or to rearrange the stones, for the animals do not appreciate human tampering with their environment. Nor do they care for man's abrupt movements and noises. Usually they will flee if I move or sneeze, but once my dinner preparations so enraged a nesting owl that she attacked me, flew at me when I walked too close, hit me on the head with her talons, scratched my scalp. I might have died of burrowing owl poisoning, a famous kind of death.

Or, towards darkness, I climb the Butte, an oblong basaltic mass, about a half-mile long and quarter-mile wide. Long ago it was an active volcano vent, one of several in the area. Negro Butte stands almost 250 feet above the surrounding slope, 3559 feet above sea level. Thomas W. Dibblee, Jr., of the U. S. G. S., indicates that this is what happened: hot magma worked up through the underlying granite, spread through a vent near the top of the highest peak, the cone at the north end. A volcano was born. The liquid lava flowed down over the slopes of the granite, cooling rapidly and forming a dark basalt—"black, massive, hard, non-vesicular"—to quote Dibblee's "Description of Map Units" which accompanies his *Geologic Map of the Lucerne Valley Quadrangle*. All of this happened at the end of the Pliocene or the beginning of the Pleistocene, roughly about a million years ago. There may be a repeat performance within the next million years.

Ordinarily Negro Butte wears a dark color, but depending on the cast of light, the angle of vision, the color of the clouds, it can appear predominantly blue, purple, brown, green, even crimson. The crimson is caused by the feldspar in the original quartz monzonite, for in many places on the lower slopes of the Butte the lava has washed away and exposed of many colors.

The view from the top is magnificent. There is a little dry lake a couple of miles to the south, and a larger one about three miles to the east. There are the looping, graceful dry washes. To the east are the Rodman Mountains; to the north, the Ords. Both ranges are typical of Mohave Desert mountains—barren,

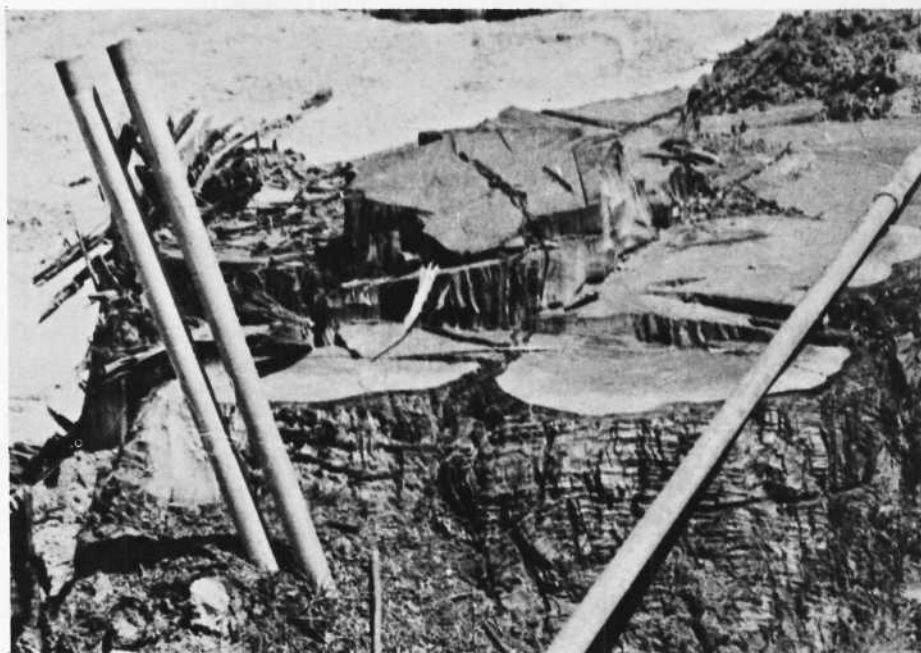


(continued on page 31)

*all
over the
west
history is making
room for
progress
here's what happens*

WHEN THE FREEWAY COMES TO TOWN

by Richard Kerr



THE MOST SERIOUS violations in Nevada City, California, today are for overtime parking. No longer do hell-raising miners, saloon hall madams and Chinese coolies brawl in its streets. And no longer do famous Americans like Horace Greeley, Ulysses S. Grant, Black Bart, Lola Montez, Lotta Crabtree, George Hearst and Herbert Hoover check in at its National Hotel, the only original hostelry still standing in the town.

Today this old northern California mining town is a graveyard of memories. Referred to as "Caldwell's Upper Store" when its first canvas and stone building was constructed in 1849, the town's name was changed to Nevada 13 years before the state of Nevada laid claim to the title. The word "City" was added later to avoid confusion.

Like Rome, the town was built on seven hills, only these hills departed the saints to mix with sinners. Piety, Aristocracy, Lost, Prospect, Bourbon, Cement and Wet Hills were their names. The present citizens of Nevada City live with a spirit of Old West informality along such romantic streets as Zion, Mt. Calvary, Coyote, Nimrod, Tribulation Trail and Goldpan Alley. At one time 10,000 residents frequented Long John's Tavern and weighed their gold at Ott's Assay office, but today only 3000 loyal citizens remain. Changes taking place here, however, are creating enough hullabaloo among them to equal that of the town's former population. For the Freeway has come to Nevada City!

Boardwalks are replaced by surveyors' flags, transits stand where horses drank at water pumps, tractors and "cats" are chewing history away. No longer do old men spit and chew on the steps of the National while they watch the Conestogas and Wells Fargo wagons blow into town. Instead, these old men watch graders and rollers parked beside the iron rails with brass horse-heads that served as hitching posts to keep the carriage horses from "tearing hell out of Broadstreet."

There's a good deal of opposition in Nevada City toward the freeway being built through the town. One objection is the removal of an ancient sequoia that stood in front of the Bergemann Funeral Chapel. Both the chapel and the tree have been removed to clear the way for the highway. City fathers have proposed an alternate route, but the state says that the alternative is impractical and too costly. Deer Creek bridge in the middle of the town plaza will have to be removed, as well. Little boys, with their pin hooks and worms, used to pull 12-inch German Brown trout out of Deer Creek under this bridge. Now all they pull out is the red clay and sludge left by construction crews.

On the steep slopes of Prospect Hill above the plaza stands a towering red brick building which is one of the few remaining symbols of pioneering architecture. "The Red Castle" is a two-story structure built in 1859 by A. B. Stewart, a pioneer in the Nevada County narrow





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gauge railroad. There used to be a red and white metal sign in front of the house reading: "The Red Castle—Built 1859—Admission 25c." A bearded caretaker wearing a red, green and yellow flowered tie on a wine-colored shirt used to totter out the door to greet tourists. His usual friendly greeting was, "There's not much here to see. Sure you want to pay a quarter?" Once inside, the visitor was treated to a look at dusty fireplaces, cobwebs in the attic, and house cats in practically every window seat.

Down the hill from the Red Castle is the site of Duck Egg's laundry which was built in 1858 by Duck Egg, the titular head of a family of over 100 Chinese. Duck Egg did the laundry for Leland Stanford, Black Bart and John Marshall. A new laundromat now sits over the place where Duck Egg's iron wash tub used to be and incessant Chinese chatter is replaced by the purr of an automatic washer.

Up the road from the laundromat the Lava Cap mine is closed down now. The shaft has been filled with water to prevent what gold there is down in the shaft from being removed. The price offered by the government for gold has been insufficient to make gold mining a profitable venture. Local prospectors and examiners still insist that someday the mines will reopen. On a hill near the mine stands the shiny new SPD supermarket. Parked in front of the new pink building sits an old restored Wells Fargo stagecoach. SPD gives rides in the coach on Saturdays to let the "kids relive the Wild West of the past."

The advances of progress are slowly tearing away the history from Nevada City. The town will go on, though. More service stations will be built; more billboards will be put up; the freeway will be finished; more city people will move to Nevada County and Nevada City to escape the noise and congestion of the city; more shopping centers and SPD markets and housing developments will be built. The old bank buildings, stage coach way-station, Chinese laundries, pump and wagon fire houses, and mine shafts will disappear. The town will be much more modern, more convenient, and have "more advantages of a city." The new people coming in will bring fresh and new blood to the town. Tradition and old-fashioned ideas will be done away with and new traditions and norms will be established. New mores and new fads will change the whole character of Nevada City. The town will never again be the same. But, will it really be better?

///

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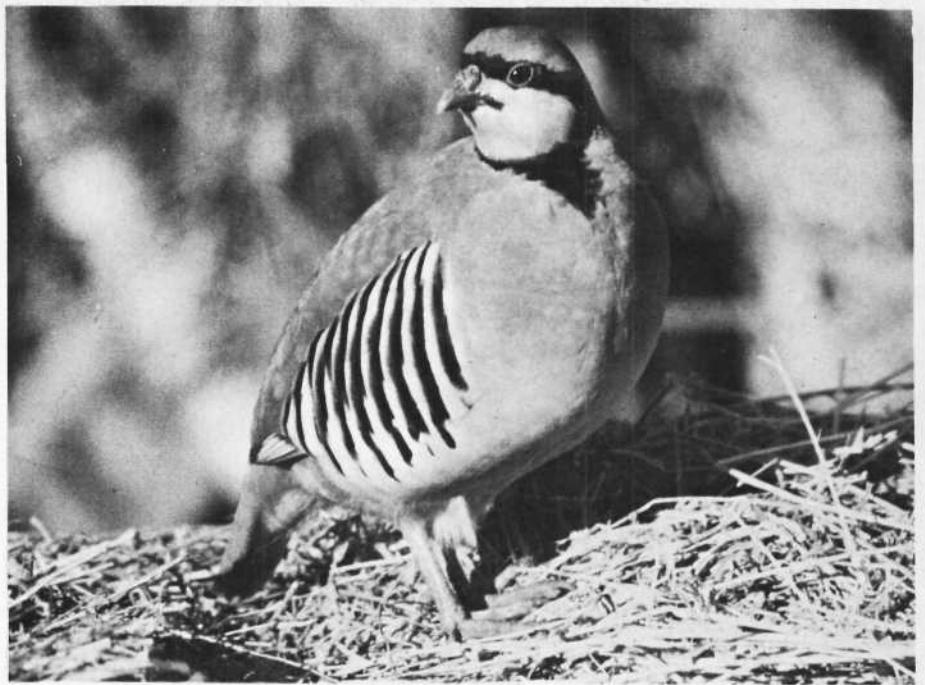


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Little Gray Ghosts of the desert

by Dorothy Robertson



THERE IS something appealing about our shy little desert game birds, the quail and the chukar. Although Valley Quail were hunted almost to extinction for coast markets a half-century ago, today they have staged a heartening comeback due to efforts of the California Fish and Game Commission.

As for chukars, although they are fairly recent newcomers to this hemisphere, they have taken to rough desert foothill country with dramatic success.

The exotic chukar was introduced in the East by Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, who imported it from India, but it wasn't until 1928 that his rock partridge was brought to California. Mr. Frank Booth purchased the first chukar stock (*Alectoris graeca chukar*) from a game handler in Calcutta, then Mr. Leland Smith, a private game breeder of Woodland, California purchased Mr. Booth's stock. In turn, the Department of Fish and Game became interested in an experiment to "plant" the chukar in desert upland country. They purchased the Woodland stock, in addition to 10 (one female) from the original Calcutta handler.

The birds thrived in desert uplands where even the hardest of native birds find foraging difficult. Chukars will eat anything—seeds of sages, grasses, and weeds, as well as insects. According to crop analysis, however, their favorite perennial staple is the seed of the Russian thistle. Even the worst pest has its use! By 1935 chukars had been planted in all but four California counties, but thrive best in upland desert habitat approximating their own native land. Today, these Indian imports extend from

the Coast Range, the Sierra foothills, the San Bernardino foothills to far north into Nevada.

In overall appearance the chukar resembles his cousin, the quail, but lacks the Desert Quail's perky black plume. The chukar is about three and one-half times larger than the quail, has an oversized breast, and weighs up to one and one-half pounds. Like the Chinese pheasant (which is also an imported alien), the chukar is a powerful flier with a maximum wingspread of 21 inches. It is this blurring, swift flight that gives the chukar a somewhat ghostly aspect when on the wing.

A handsome bird, his breast is dove-grey, with barred black and white sides and his back is brownish-grey. His tail is bright rufous when spread. His white throat is bordered neatly in black, while the feet, legs and bill (of the adult) are bright red. Both male and female look alike. Often, though you might hear their throaty calls of "chuk-chuk chuk chuk-arr," you will find them surprisingly hard to detect against a background of rocks and earth. When disturbed, the cries change to "chieu chieu." Wary and swift sprinters, at the first hint of danger the chukar takes off, sprinting almost straight up the nearest steep, rocky, hillside, taking wing only when necessary.

Since the habitat of these gallinaceous birds is semi-arid, rock country, water is a critical problem. The Fish and Game Department came up with an ingenious "water-guzzler"—a concrete or plastic catch-basin constructed to trap and store rainfall to sustain the birds through critical dry months. Several thousand instal-

lations throughout foothill and desert areas have extended the range of both quail and chukar.

Chukars and quail face many hazards. Ravens account for high egg losses. Owls, too, indulge in chick-stealing. Another danger is in drowning after rains. Despite a lack of heavy ground cover, the birds do manage to hide their nests in grass or brush, desert tea, salt-bush, gold-embush and mixed annuals. Chukar nests are well-formed and lined with dry grass, small twigs and soft breast feathers. Mama Chukar is a good and faithful mother, upon occasion even adopting a baby quail.

The average clutch per nest is between 9 and 12 eggs. The size of the brood, of course, depends upon climatic conditions. Chukars have long nesting seasons extending from the last week in April to about the first week in August.

When tiny, their protective coloring is such that even though they are underfoot, they are hard to detect. Another factor in the chukar chick's fight for survival is its ability to fly within 10 days of hatching. During its first days, the chick presents a mottled buff-brown appearance. By 33 days, his body coloration has changed to a mottled striped brown; by 47 days, its flank-barring is distinctive. At the end of 12 weeks a chukar is considered an adult bird.

Conservationists that we are, we take great pleasure in watching these wily birds outwit their enemies. It does seem strange that when hunting season comes along, they vanish like little gray ghosts into the most inaccessible, rocky ridges.

///

PIONEERTOWN

A ghost town haunted by people

WE ENTERED the central compound of Pioneertown with caution, expecting a fight to tumble through the saloon doors any minute, or the "fastest gun in the West" to make a fast draw. It was soon evident, though, that our fears were unfounded—this town is only a fascinating echo of the West's wild past.

Pioneertown, four miles out of Yucca Valley, California, on Pioneertown Road, has the appearance of an old frontier settlement unspoiled by the march of progress, though its buildings have been attractively spoiled by the elements. As we stood on the board sidewalks at the head of unpaved "Mane" Street, we saw nothing to suggest that we were living in modern times—other than the automobiles of the out-of-towners. A stagecoach, drawn by two horses, provides local transportation; the town newspaper, "The Jackass Mail," is delivered by jackass; and the natives stroll around in old-time frontier garb. This is a real chunk of western lore!

There's a Golden Stallion restaurant and bar, a corral well stocked with horses, a United States Post Office (officially



Pioneertown mail is delivered daily by jackass.

recognized), a printery, general store, jail, trading post, bowling alley, and all sorts of other buildings—all in keeping with an early settlement theme. The center of Pioneertown's night life, the famous Red Dog Saloon, features a massive oaken bar, a honky-tonk piano, and a "face on the barroom floor."

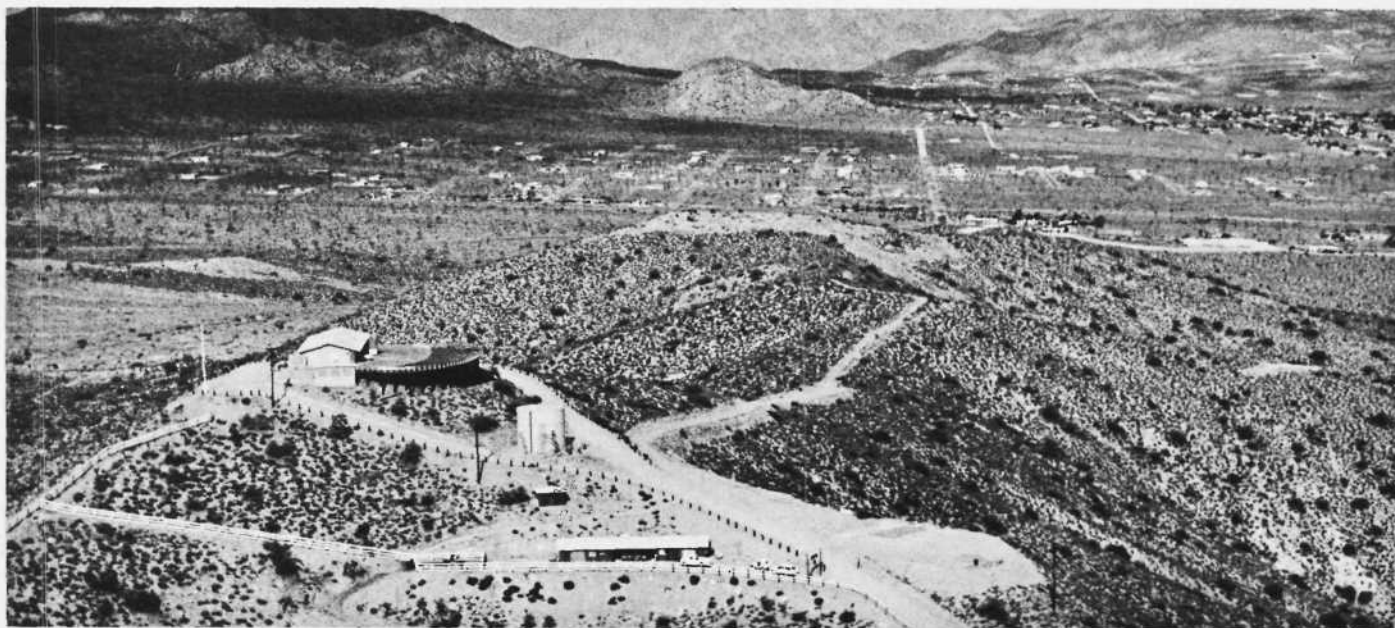
You wouldn't expect to find, in this setting, an institution usually associated with modern day living, but among the shanties and shacks is a *motel*, for those who wish to stay awhile. The fact that

these highway dormitories were not in existence during the pioneer days is easily overlooked in viewing this one. Although its room interiors are modern, the Townhouse Motel has walls of old railroad ties cemented together, as have many of the other structures. One of its owners is Jack Bailey of the "Queen For A Day" television program and it's operated by Cactus Kate of old time movie fame.

Cactus Kate is a friendly, outgoing (and outspoken in Western language) individual who can toss around more names of cowboy movie greats in a few minutes than you can recall from memory. She's been a close friend of all of them and anyone who goes to Pioneertown and doesn't drop in at the motel for a chat with Cactus Kate will be missing a treat.

Before dwelling on the interesting past of this community, a look into the neighboring town of the future might be in order. Yucca Valley, claimed to be the only true *high* desert valley town in California, is 120 miles from Los Angeles Civic Center, and about an equal distance from the Mexican border. From Los Angeles, drive east on the San Ber-

View overlooking Yucca Valley from hilltop hide-away of famous composer Jimmy Van Heusen.



by Jack Delaney

nardino Freeway and Interstate Highway 10 (100 miles), then 20 miles up the Twentynine Palms Highway. If the starting point is Indio, El Centro, Calexico, etc., drive northwest on Interstate 10 to the Twentynine Palms turnoff. Easily accessible, Yucca Valley is tucked into a high valley between the San Bernardino Mountains and the rugged hills of Joshua Tree National Monument. The town is a fast growing modern community, 3300 feet high, with a population of 8000 and it is proud of its luxury motels, fine restaurants, trailer parks, golf course and, especially, its desert landscape.

Visitors are always fascinated with the grotesque Joshua trees—the floral symbol of high desert country, which are particularly dramatic when silhouetted against a Yucca Valley evening sky. Some imagine them as a massive protest demonstration against man for encroaching on their desert, others claim they represent an army of teenagers doing the Watusi!

Among Yucca Valley's showplaces is the \$250,000 hilltop hide-away of Academy Award-winning song composer, Jimmy Van Heusen, Desert Christ Park, with an inspiring array of greater-than-life-size statues located at the foot of a hill near the center of town; and Pioneertown. The route from Yucca Valley to Pioneertown passes through Pioneer Pass, where thrilling pyramids of fantastic rock formations may be compared to those of Joshua Tree National Monument. Pioneertown is not a poor-man's Disneyland, nor Knott's Berry Farm. It's in a class by itself—more like a town abandoned by ghosts and reclaimed by humans than the other way around. Its beginning might have been back in the 1880s, but it wasn't. Actually, it was many years later. The man responsible for this shantytown is Dick Curtis, a Hollywood movie personality who interested Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and several other celebrities into forming a corporation to erect a pioneer town complete in every detail to accommodate the



Historic photo shows Cactus Kate giving Gene Autry a typical Western greeting in Pioneertown.

filming of western movies—a place where the extras could be drawn from the native population and horses and equipment could be stored between pictures. So Pioneertown is really a huge movie set with permanent structures, not a false-front structure, and behind its rustic facades are men and women carrying on businesses.

For many years activity in the town spun as fast as film. Among movies made there were *Pony Express* with Jock O'Mahoney, Dick Moore, and Peggy Stewart, *Daybreak* with Theresa Wright and Lew Ayers; *Jeopardy*, with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan, the Cisco Kid pictures, Judge Roy Bean television films and Gene Autry movie and television films. As realtor Alice "Honey" Fellers puts it, "If all the movie greats who played here were laid end to end, they'd reach—for their six-guns, podner!"

After years of booming success, dis-

sension developed within the corporation, and, to shorten a long story, the bottom fell out. Ghosts nudged eagerly, determined to claim another "old western town," but the hardy settlers of Pioneertown just wouldn't give up. Through their efforts, prosperity is once again peeking around the corner. The Golden Empire Corporation, now in the driver's seat, has ambitious plans for the town (retaining its western theme) and the surrounding area.

In recommending this spot to one-day trippers, I very much want to de-bunk a popular rumor that local lingo there is likely to rub off on visitors. After being exposed to, and swapping yarns with, almost every "character" in town, I personally came out with no adverse effect on my speech. So, effen yer a-fixin ta git yerself out fer a ride fore long, jest git on up to Pioneertown and stay a spell—mite be jest whut yore a-needin!

///

River Relics

Stretching from Davis Dam on the north and Needles on the south, the Mohave Valley is located in Arizona adjacent to the Colorado River. Not as well known or populated as the more southern river areas, it is a land of recreation and fascinating history.



"THE COLORADO River along the greater portion of its majestic course shall remain forever unsuited for habitation and unmolested."

So stated Lt. J. C. Ives in his official report to Washington D. C., after fighting his way up the Colorado River from the Gulf in 1858. Less than 100 years later Hoover and Davis Dams had been built principally for power and reclamation, but also forming Lake

Mead and Lake Mohave and the Lake Mead Recreational Area.

The southern finger of the Lake Mead Recreation Area extends along both sides of the Colorado from Hoover Dam to five miles below Davis Dam. Whether due to the Federal restrictions, lack of government funds or the rugged terrain, the above portion of the Colorado confirms Lt. Ives prediction. There are only four roads to the Colorado

Recreation

by Jack Pepper

along this 60-mile stretch, two on the Nevada side and two on the Arizona side.

But as the waters of the Colorado rush past the invisible barrier of the Lake Mead Recreation Area and into the land of private enterprise, the landscape changes. In the 30 miles from Bullhead City, a mile below the government line, to Needles, the Colorado flows past numerous facilities for fishermen, campers, boaters and families. Some are excellent, others are unimproved and crowded, but at least they are there.

In addition, along this area of the Colorado on the Arizona side, several investors have purchased acreage along the water front and have leveled the land for sites for permanent mobile homes and regular homes similar to subdivisions in the suburban areas of Los Angeles. Again, some of these are inferior and some superior, but they are there; giving the public a choice of what they want and what they can afford.

Bullhead City today is not the unattractive fishing camp I knew 10 years ago. As we drove into town along the paved road on the Arizona side from Needles, I was impressed by the clean and orderly appearance of the trailer parks and mobile home sites. New businesses have sprung up, old ones look prosperous, and there's a new airport with a 4100-foot lighted runway only a



Relatively uncrowded, the river offers excellent boating, fishing and swimming. Opposite page, the back country abounds in unusual rocks and gems and is excellent for color photography.

(Continued on Page 22)



River and Relics

(Continued from Page 20)

few hundred yards from the main part of town.

At the little clean, white Chamber of Commerce building, Hazel Flowers gave me an informative brochure on the area and referred me to Glen Medlin, president of the Chamber and owner of the 5 Grand Bar and Restaurant. Glen took me to his ice house to see some large bass and trout and while extolling the area as a fishing paradise, he called Mike Keenan, editor and publisher of the Colorado River News Bulletin. A former rancher, metallurgist and newspaperman, Mike returned to the latter profession to start the local newspaper two years ago.

After explaining that the area along the Arizona side of the Colorado from Bullhead City to Needles is called the Mohave Valley and that it has grown tremendously in the last five years, Mike added, "Some of the oldtimers do not want the area to change and have opposed new developments. Fortunately, they are in the minority and today residents are working together to improve the area."

Medlin cited the current Chamber of Commerce clean-up campaign in which residents are contributing their time and efforts in clearing away debris and brush and painting and cleaning up their own businesses and residences. The Chamber and its constructive activities was given a big shot in the arm by a progressive new real estate development, Holiday Shores, which contributed \$5,000 to the Chamber and another \$5,000 to the community's drive to raise funds for a new hospital.

Newest and most elaborate of the real estate developments on the river, Holiday Shores is a 2600 acre "planned community" along 21½ miles of river front with a 1600-foot marina and "boatel." A large circular restaurant overlooks the landscaped areas for residential lots and mobile home sites. On an opposite hill is a cemetery containing 16 graves, resting places for early pioneers of the now vanished Hardyville. The cemetery will be preserved as an historical landmark. Other real estate developments in the area include the Colorado Riviera, Colorado River Estates, Bermuda City, Willow Valley, Laguna Estates and Big Bend Acres.

Whether the "old timers" like it or not, Bullhead City and the Mohave Valley are growing. Plans for a multi-million



Ruins of Hardy Toll Station between Colorado River and Oatman.

dollar steam generating plant to be built across the river on the Nevada side, with construction to begin in 1965, were recently announced by the Southern California Edison Company.

From below Davis Dam, the river winds for 60 miles through scenic and historic county until it once again is slowed by Parker Dam. With Lake Mohave and Katherine Wash Landing only five miles north of Bullhead City, boaters can have their choice of either river or lake excursions.

The area is not limited to water activities. It abound in gemstones and is the site of exploration by many Southern California and Arizona rock clubs. Dorothy Lane, owner of the attractive

and well-stocked Riviera Rock and Gift Shop south of town, said the area contains several colors of jasper, a variety of agates, colite, brucite, chalcedony roses, geodes and petrified wood.

For the history buff and sight-seer the area is fascinating, as we learned from exploring in our Volkswagen Camper. Our first excursion was over a 12-mile good gravel road from just below Bullhead City to Oatman and Goldroad. As we drove up the hill to a plateau above the river, Choral filled me in on the history of the area from the Chamber brochure. It was along this very route that the first white man came into the area 80 years before the Pilgrims landed on the eastern seaboard. Melchior Diaz, a

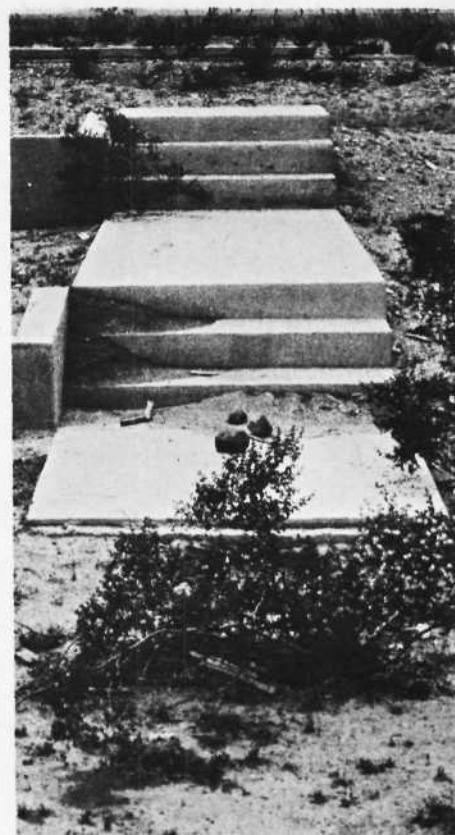


The author is invited in for a cold drink by an Oatman merchant.

Spaniard, explored the area in 1540 and 60 years later, still before the Pilgrims, a silver claim was being worked. Father Garces crossed the Colorado here in 1776 and the area was mapped in 1852 by Captain L. Sitgreaves, after whom the pass from Kingman to Oatman was named. What a welcome sight the river must have been to Spaniards and prospectors after crossing the Arizona wastelands to the east!

A few miles further we came upon a miniature forest of cholla. Sun glistened on its needles, making them appear deceptively soft in contrast to the boulders turned black by desert varnish and white clouds piled above distant Black Mountain. As we came through a narrow pass half-way to Oatman, we found the ruins of Hardy, once a gold and silver mining camp and a stage toll station. With no wood in the area, miners built one-room shacks out of rocks and boulders, some of which are still standing. The small mining operation was named after Army Captain Hardy, who seemed to have spent more time looking for gold than he did on military maneuvers. Also named after the officer was Hardyville, once located on the Colorado River just south of Bullhead City where it provided a supply center and base for a ferry. When the town was washed away by a flood, the ferry was temporarily moved south to Ft. Mohave.

One friend we made along the way was a strange white burro. Appearing from behind a tree, he walked calmly to the car and stuck his nose into Choral's face. We were so startled I forgot to offer him food. With an expression of disdain, he turned and walked away. Later we learned he's the animal version of a beach bum, only in this case a rock-hound bum, mooching food from passing



Left, ruins of original Ft. Mohave are covered with brush, Right, all that remains of the Indian School are the cement walks.

motorists. Choral fell in love with him, so the next time we visit Hardy I'll no doubt be conned into bringing a bale of hay.

Six miles further the gravel road ends on the paved road between Oatman and Goldroad. During former exciting days Oatman produced \$18,000,000 in gold in three and a half years and Goldroad hit the jackpot with \$60,000,000. (See Lambert Florin's story, page 32.)

From Oatman you can either take the paved road to Kingman or go south to Topock and Needles, or return to Bullhead City on the gravel road as we did, since we wanted to visit old Ft. Mohave on our way home to Palm Desert.

Approximately seven miles south of Bullhead City and just before you leave the wash to cross the second hill, there's an unmarked gravel road to the left. Although there are several other gravel roads to the left, we bore to the right until the road came to the end overlooking the river. There we found cement walks, stairs and culverts covering a large area. This is all that remains of an Indian school operated around 1870 to the 1900s.

While exploring the plateau for old bottles, I noticed a retaining wall covered by salt bush and mesquite. Climbing down through the heavy brush I found

the old site of the original Ft. Mohave built in 1860, after Lt. Ives made his first exploration of the Colorado by steamboat. It was also at this site that Lt. Beale crossed the Colorado with his camels.

Instead of returning to the highway, we followed a gravel road which led directly down the plateau from behind the school ruins to a beautiful beach along the river. The beauty of the area was enhanced by its solitude. We hadn't seen another car since leaving the highway. We followed the gravel road south along the river through verdant areas and rocky points which must be excellent for fishing. For those who prefer to camp away from crowded areas, this is a real find. The area is clean and I hope DESERT readers who enjoy our experience will keep it so. As we neared the end of the gravel road, which meets the paved road just north of the bridge going into Needles, we stopped to watch the sun set behind the Mohave desert. Leaping into the river for a swim, our 13-year-old son yelled, "Boy, would I like to have gone to that Indian School. Those guys really lived in this country in those days!"

"That's right, son, and they're really living today," I replied, as we headed back to the main highway and home.

///





This \$150,000 Palm Desert residence constructed for builder Fillmore Crank and wife, TV star Beverly Garland, is enhanced with an adobe wall.

ADOBE, AN OLD MEXICAN RECIPE

BY GRACE KENDRICK

Find a bank of heavy, slick-feeling clay. Moisten the soil, then hollow out a big mud pie hole for yourself.

Measuring with your eye, add 4 parts of sand to each part clay. Throw in an armful of dry fibrillous sticks from the nearby bushes.





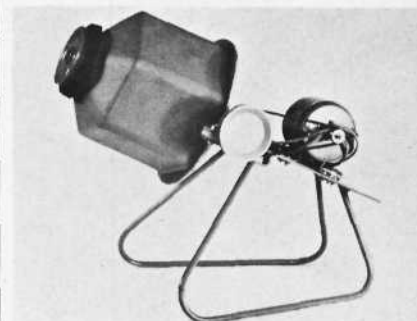
Mix well, using the shovel as a spoon. When just the right consistency to make a firm mud pie, load the mixture into the wheelbarrow. Haul to nearby spot where the sandy soil is levelled off. Shovel mud into a clean wet form. This form makes two bricks at once. It is simply a shallow bottomless box with a partition across the middle.



Call in your friends to help you pat the mud down firmly and level it off nice and smooth. Remove the mold immediately, with a shaking motion as you lift straight up. Then, stand around and visit with your neighbors while the sun does the rest. (Bricks will be sunbaked and usable in about 2 weeks.)



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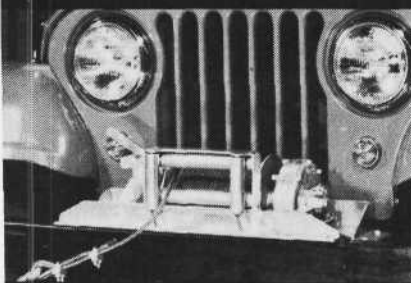
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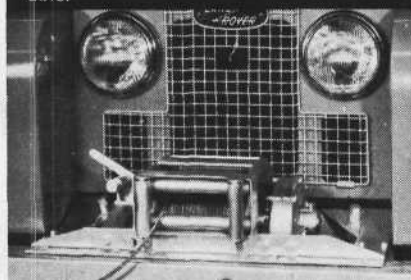
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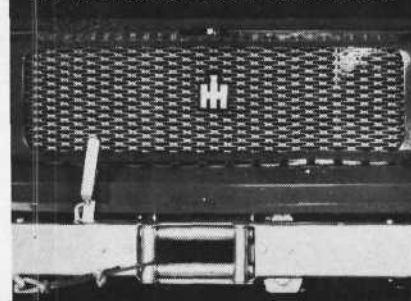
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About an old town

AFTER TRAVELING miles through the sagebrush and desert into the heart of Nevada, the last thing you'd expect to encounter would be a great sea monster.

But that's what you will find at Nevada's Ichthyosaur State Monument where not only one, but 37 individual fish-lizard fossils have been discovered, uncovered and preserved for viewing.

During the early Age of Reptiles, some 180 million years ago, these giant sea-going dinosaurs cruised about in the waters of a sea that extended over western Nevada. Apparently the big, clumsy ichthyosaurs ran aground and were trapped by rapidly receding tides. These gigantic creatures, fitted with paddles instead of feet, and with relatively delicate ribs, could not survive on land. Just as a body of a stranded whale collapses under its weight of bone and flesh, the ichthyosaur's body collapsed. After decay, the bones of the body separated and spread out in the mud. The tail, being more durable, lay stretched out behind the scattered bones.

The deposited bones were covered with mud and slime and buried for millions of years. Later upheavals lifted the area to become part of the present-day mountains of west central Nevada. Erosion eventually exposed portions of the petrified remains.

Early miners in the late 1800s noticed the fossils in the area and used some of the bones in their fire hearths. About the turn of the century, school boys at Union Canyon used the spherical clam shells in their slingshots. They called them "lizard heads."

But it wasn't until 1928 that the first specimens to be recognized as giant ichthyosaurs were discovered by Professor Siemon W. Muller of Stanford Univer-

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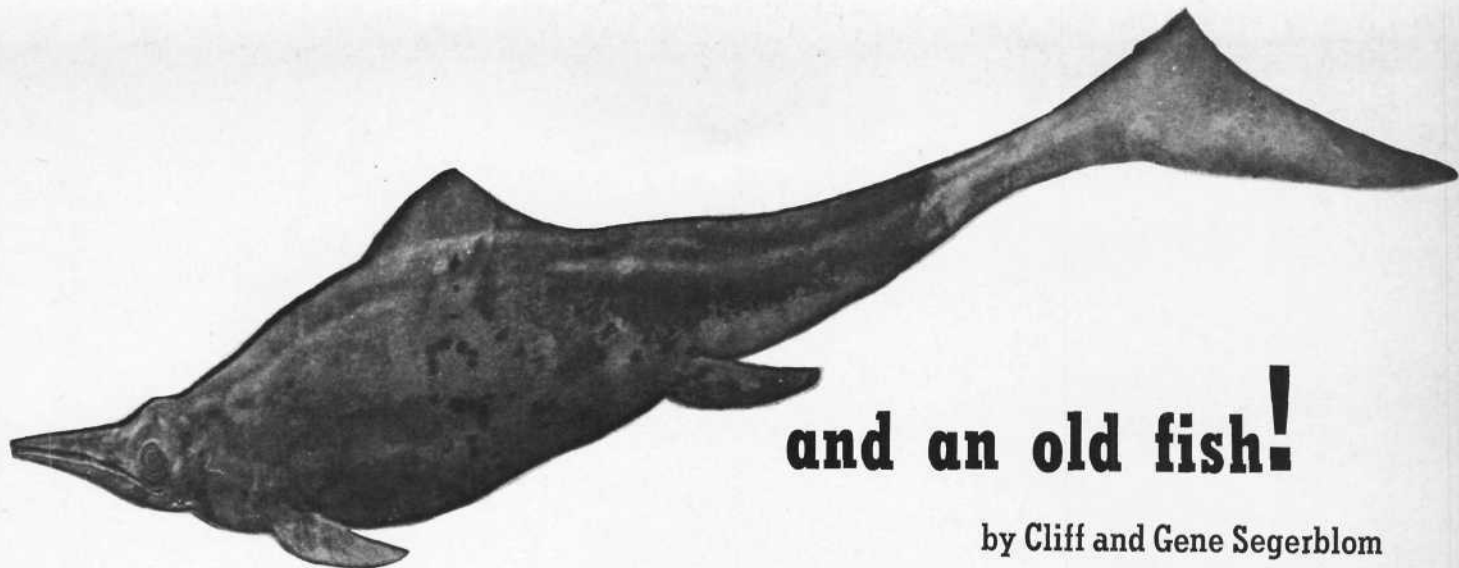
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and an old fish!

by Cliff and Gene Segerblom

sity. Some of Professor Muller's finds in Union Canyon were further exposed by Mrs. Margaret Wheat of Carson City, Nevada, who interested Dr. Charles L. Camp, a distinguished paleontologist, in the possibilities of an extensive excavation. Digging began on the hillsides above and behind the surface specimens that had been weathered out years before. Excavation by bulldozer removed the earth down to within less than a foot of the bone layer with the remaining overburden being removed by hand tools. Final sandblasting of the bones brought out the bluish color of the hard, heavy limestone that has replaced the original bone. The area was established as a state monument in 1955.

To help orient visitors, a life-sized ichthyosaur, 56 feet long, has been depicted in bas relief on a concrete wall near the visitor's quarry. Nevada Park ichthyosaurs reached a length of more than 60 feet. The huge head was 10 feet in length with a long pointed snout having rows of conical teeth. The great eye was a foot in diameter, probably to permit the creatures to find their prey in deep waters. A thin ring of overlapping bones similar to the iris diaphragm of a camera lay around the great eyeball

and prevented its collapse under water pressure. The weight of one of these monsters, by comparison with a whale of similar size, could have been as much as 40 to 50 tons. Remains of ichthyosaurs are found in all the continents except Antarctica. These sea serpents were the great predators of their time—a scourge to lesser swimmers.

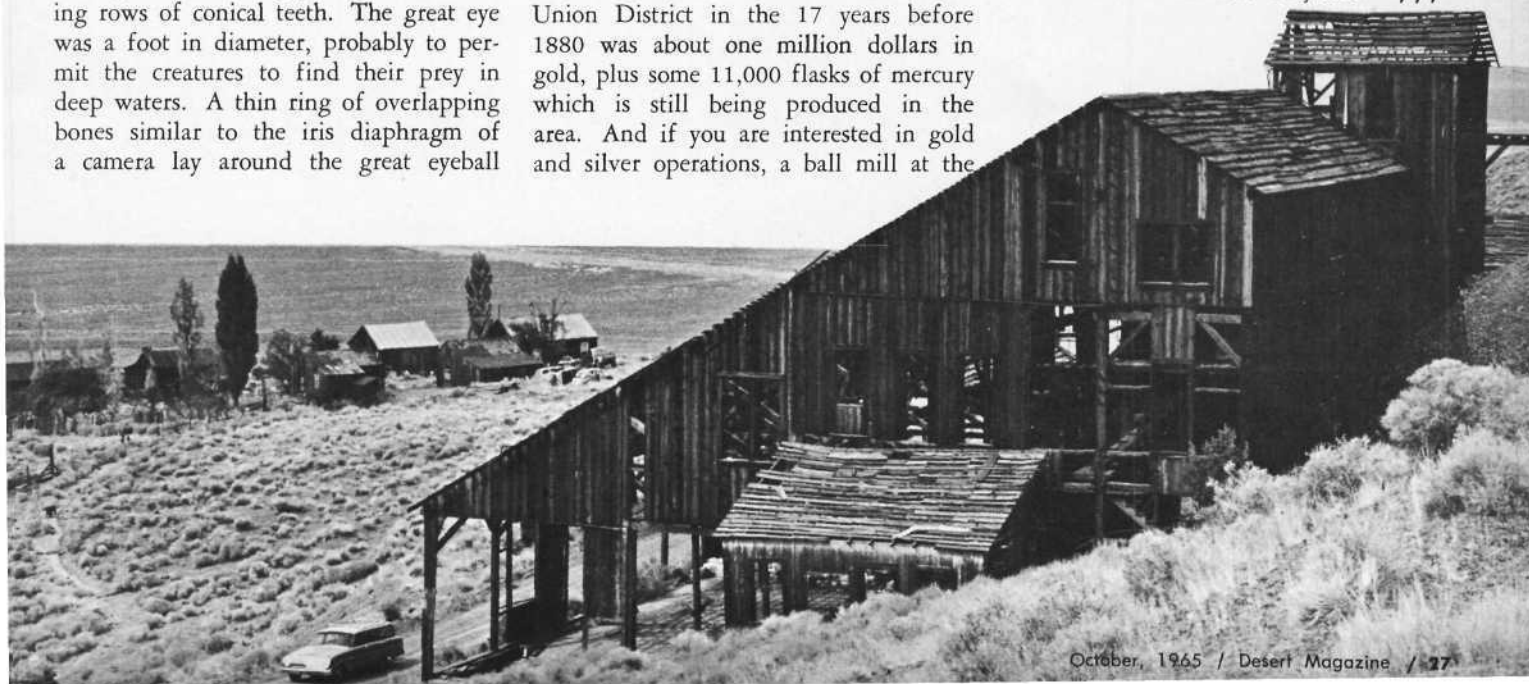
Adding to the uniqueness of the area are remnants of mining boom towns. The monument is reached by road through Berlin, where a mine and mill operated from 1870 to 1908. The road leads south from Berlin along the margin of an ice-age lake and into the mouth of Union Canyon where the main quarries are located. A mining town in the canyon boasted a saloon and a brick boarding house with a Chinese cook, a community dance hall, a school and dwellings for more than 30 families. The brick works, with its old-time kiln, was in operation as early as 1863.

The value of minerals secured in the Union District in the 17 years before 1880 was about one million dollars in gold, plus some 11,000 flasks of mercury which is still being produced in the area. And if you are interested in gold and silver operations, a ball mill at the

monument campgrounds still processes ore from the Richmond mine a half mile up the canyon. A stone kiln built in 1912 stands at the bend of the canyon below the upper springs. It produced but one load of burnt lime and was then abandoned as impractical.

The monument is open year 'round. The recommended route is via Nevada Highway 23 which turns off U. S. Highway 50 between Austin and Fallon. A parks system sign marks the turnoff one mile north of Gabbs. The 23-mile road from Gabbs to Berlin is dirt surfaced. Experienced desert travelers might try the dirt road leading south from U.S. 50 just eight miles west of Austin or another one which turns off three miles south of East Gate. These roads join at Ione, once the busy county seat of Nye County.

Although a little out of your way, if you are making a cross-country trip, you'll never regret the few hours it takes to turn time back millions of years. ///



Between the Horns

by Kenneth Marquiss

SINCE THE time of the earliest treasure hunting trips, animals have played an important role.

One of the first recorded treasure hunters was Jason, who hijacked the Golden Fleece. An interesting sidelight on Jason's Golden Fleece caper is that, in spite of what mythology may have indicated, the Golden Fleece—or fleeces—were very real. They had no religious mystical or symbolic meanings; and were well worth a long voyage in an open boat to steal. The primitive placer miners of Asia Minor had early discovered that the kinky wool on the pelts of the fat tailed Asiatic sheep made a highly efficient bottom liner for their crude sluice boxes—to catch "the fines" that commanded such a good price from the gold beaters and metal workers of that day. (You can find "snipers" along the California Mother Lode rivers today using thick carpet for the exact same purpose.)



Detector howled, but the metal wasn't a bag of coins.

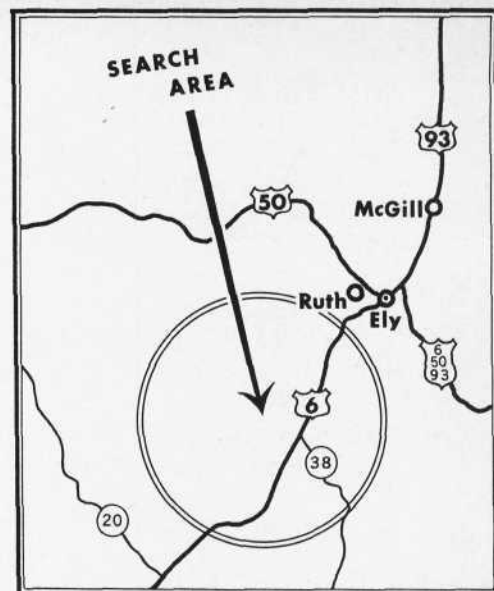
Ghostly lions reportedly still guard the fantastic royal treasure of Darius the Persian, buried somewhere in the hills of Hamadan.

Just the gold and gems alone (not counting the silver and cast alloy idols) of the Vijayanuggar treasure of central India was measured by the elephant load; and king cobras nestle among the dusty crown jewels of an ancient Burma treasure cache in a jungle cave in the Naga Hills.

From the holy city of Lahlibella to the lion infested banks of the Dawa River in Ethiopia, the old men in the villages who tell stories around the night fires warn of strange creatures—half man and half leopard—who endlessly patrol the approaches to cave vaults of Makida, the Queen of Sheba. They say even her staggering treasure from the vast rich and abandoned placer fields of Ophir is NOT worth the risk of encountering these weird beasts.

Not for a flat half share in those hundreds of small alabaster caskets—each packed with two, cubit-long ingots stamped with the Sheba lion and Solomon's sword insignia—will they consent to guide-trek for even a week toward that butte-like kopje in the Beni Shongul country where Makida's cave is supposed to be.

Our own mining history seems to be no exception to the animal phase. Fighting bears tore up the ground and exposed the nuggets that are supposed to have sparked the Klondike stampede. Jim Butler's burro was directly responsible for the Tonopah and Goldfield gold rushes. A sheepherder picked up a rock to kill a rattlesnake and found the glory hole lode at Treasure Hill above Hamil-



Experts who say animals can't think should have seen this pair in '38 when we went rabbit hunting. The cat knew where we'd clean the rabbits and the deer knew we'd throw apples at her if she bleated loudly enough.

ton, Nevada. A digging dog and a badger found great mines in Idaho and Montana.

And if it were not for a man-killing mule, you would not be reading about this lost cache of gold and silver coins in Nevada.

While this cache is not of royal size, it is one of the best authenticated and localized lost money stories I ever ran into; and it would easily be worth \$25,000 at today's coin prices—if you could find it.

In the late fall of 1938 I had penny-pinched enough to buy a new electronic metal detecting "bug," dieselize an old car, and poverty stake a trip to the Nevada ghost camps. I threw in with a local Nevada man named Paul Irwin who had some leads and a lot of friends — so we had a "grub line" to ride.

One of the stops on this grub line was at Duckwater, Nevada, at the home of Paul's brother-in-law named Frank Vanover. Frank proved to be a good-hearted

but crusty old pioneer, who said what he thought. He didn't think much of my "bug"—and even less of "grown men who run around playing with witchin' sticks." His mood changed, however, when I turned up a long lost axe head, and when I began to pick up a beeping whine near the wood pile, he suddenly decided it was time to wash up for supper.

After a delightful meal (Mrs. Van-over had that old western stove-top touch, we warmed our shins in front of his big country-rock fireplace and Frank began to see the fun and possibilities in looking for *somebody else's* money—and this is one of his "locations."

He said that in the old days—around the turn of the century—a man named Hayden was ranching over at the mouth of Ellison Canyon, near the present junction of the road from Preston and Lund with Highway # 6. All that Frank said cannot be properly put in print, but the gist of it was that "old man Hayden" had an Indian housekeeper, a one-way purse of respectable proportions, and a withering contempt for banks and their paper money.

About 1913 or 1915 (I don't know the exact date) Hayden reportedly sold his spread for \$10,000 cash, in gold (and some cattle) to a man named Owen Cazier from the Currant Creek country. As Cazier wanted to take early possession, Hayden needed a place to stay. The old stage road from Hamilton to Pioche used to run through Ellison Canyon, and about 11 miles above the Hayden place was an old abandoned stage station that would make a snug location for a squatter. So after some repairs to the old stage house, he started moving his stuff up there. He used a wagon and a team of mules.

All that remained to move was one wagon load of household belongings and about 20 head of stock.

Before breakfast, on the morning of the next to the last day at the old place, he went out to the barn and corral, located in the encircling lava cove behind the house, and dug up the small tin lard buckets containing his savings. After breakfast he transferred the coins to two heavy canvas bags. As he was doing it, he showed the money to the squaw and said, "See there—almost \$17,000 in hard money. Now we have enough to take care of us for the rest of our lives!"

He parked the wagon, with a couple of empty water barrels in it, in front of the house, and put the mules in the barn. As he intended to drive the re-

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maining stock up to the new place by horseback, he instructed his housekeeper to pack all her extra dishes, pans and other small stuff in the barrels. Then he said he planned to dismantle the stove, bed, table, etc. early the next

morning and make the final move with the wagon.

He checked his Winchester in its scabbard, hung the money bags on the saddle horn (covered by a slicker), and started moving the herd up the canyon;

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and the housekeeper got busy with her packing.

That evening, after Hayden returned from the stage station and they were eating supper, she asked him if he thought the money was safe. He replied, "You're - - - right it is; *nobody* ain't going to find that money where I hid it!"

So far, he seems to have been absolutely right!

The next morning he dismantled and packed the bed and chairs and while the housekeeper washed dishes and waited for the stove to cool, he went to harness the mules.

When he did not return, she went looking for him—and found him, face down in the filthy corral. As Frank Vanover said, "One of those mangy mules had planted a shoe right between the horns of that tightwad old maverick!"

The weeping housekeeper rode to the nearest ranch for help, but there wasn't much the rancher could do; and I understand Hayden was buried near Ely, Nevada. After the funeral the housekeeper returned with relatives; and they spent weeks searching high and low for Hayden's money—apparently without success, for she is reported to have died a number of years later "sober, and as poor as a church mouse."

Paul and I made two tries for Hayden's cache that fall—and both times we were run out by snow storms. The old rock walls of the stage station were still head high in those days, and part of the log rafters were in the rubble on the floor. We cleaned it out and "bugged" the vicinity thoroughly without any luck. There are ruins of several old buildings and corrals in the area, and before the last snow became too bad we had checked them out.

I returned alone in the autumns of 1954 and 1957 with a jeep, a good camp outfit and a newer and better detector, but both times I was plagued by foul

weather. In '57 it was so bad that Jess Gardner, who ranches in the area, took pity on my soggy tent and wilted spirits and generously let me stay in his line cabin at the narrows below the stage station. With a place to warm up and dry out, I was able to continue for a couple of days—working in a slicker and with the transmitter and receiver encased in plastic sacks.

Some whopping big sagebrush grows in Ellison Canyon, and underneath is a problem with a big machine. In addition, rock crevices and possible hiding places along the canyon walls are multitudinous and hard to check with a double-end detector; so I recently tried some of these places with my new GeoFinder TR4. In spite of the fact that it is a regular "wizard's finger," all I found was a place where someone long ago had hidden a leather sack containing some singletree end-hooks, a pocket knife, a can of oysters (the big old square hand soldered type tin from Frisco) and a wad of crumbling mouldy papers so rotted it was impossible to make out what they had been. Why they were there is anybody's guess.

The oldtimers say no one in the area ever blossomed out with unexplained prosperity, and so far as I know my "bugs" are the only ones to have been in the canyon; so Hayden's money is probably still there—some place.

If you want to try *YOUR* luck and detector, the location is not hard to find. About 24 miles S.W. of Ely, Nevada along Highway #6 a dirt road branches off N.W. where a Forest Service sign says "Ellison Ranger Station."

Across from the sign a little bar-cafe called "The Cove" on the Preston road junction, now sets almost where Hayden's old house was.

A couple of miles up the dirt road to the Ranger Station, you will go around Jess Gardner's main ranch buildings, and about 8.7 miles from the pavement you will come to a windmill and cattleguard marking the Forest Service boundary. The canyon narrows here, and the road climbs up the right side of the gorge. About 1.9 miles above the windmill, in a little clump of scrub willows and briars on the right (north) side of the road, are the ruins of the old stage station.

This is the hub of the search area, and after you get there you are on your own. As Frank said so long ago in Duckwater, when Paul and I reported our failure to find the money—"Well, old man Hayden was a slick old coot—he *really* loved that money—so it could be *anywhere!*"

///

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Egg-Headed Caveman

(Continued from page 14)

convoluted, block-faulted granite. To the southwest one sees the Permanente Cement plants, the Pitzer Buttes; and, in the winter, fifty miles away, the sharp white peaks of the San Gabriel Range. To the west, three miles in length, unnamed on any map, stands a 1000-foot-high wall—serrated blades of quartz monzonite, an angry shout from another planet.

There is a red afterglow in the western sky, the ranges have purpled, and the basalt has blackened. There is no breeze on this quiet evening. I fancy I can hear the thin hum of truck tires on the payment three miles to the south. There is the distant report of a rifle—how many miles distant? There is still enough light to see a mile and a half to the southwest, the Lucerne Valley guest ranches, the Mayfield ranch house, the windmill, the cottonwoods, and the chicken barns which shelter 12,000 birds against the wind and the rat. That dim sound is the last cock crow of the day. Soon a coyote will call and then a dog will reply, distantly, faintly. Sounds carry a long way through a windless desert evening.

Despite the dim sounds, I am much alone in my quiet reverie, and once again I savor Thoreau's solitary truth: "I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating." But as for myself, I must hastily add, a few days of absolute solitude are enough. Thoreau once dreamed of seizing a woodchuck and devouring him raw.

My eye gazes idly over this land of little rain. Dry lakes and spreads of rough lava are my ponds—summer, fall, winter and spring. For beauty and mystery they suffice as well as the Indiana pond of my father and of my youth. I like to speculate about the "playa industries" which flourished around the edges of these dry lakes when they were wet. Mainly, they were the age-old industries: plant-gathering, a little fishing, and patient hours of animal stalking. Eating, sleeping, gossiping, quarreling, child-rearing and connubial bliss—all of the noisy fire-lit activity—were reserved for the rocks and caves back from the shore line, partly because the higher country gave better protection from foes, partly because it was likely to be better sheltered from the weather, but mainly because a backland camp encouraged the drinking, feeding and bathing habits of

(Continued on page 34)



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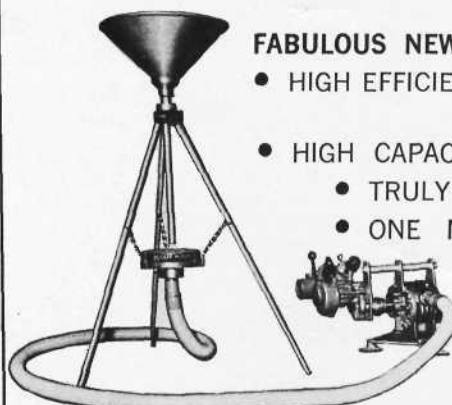
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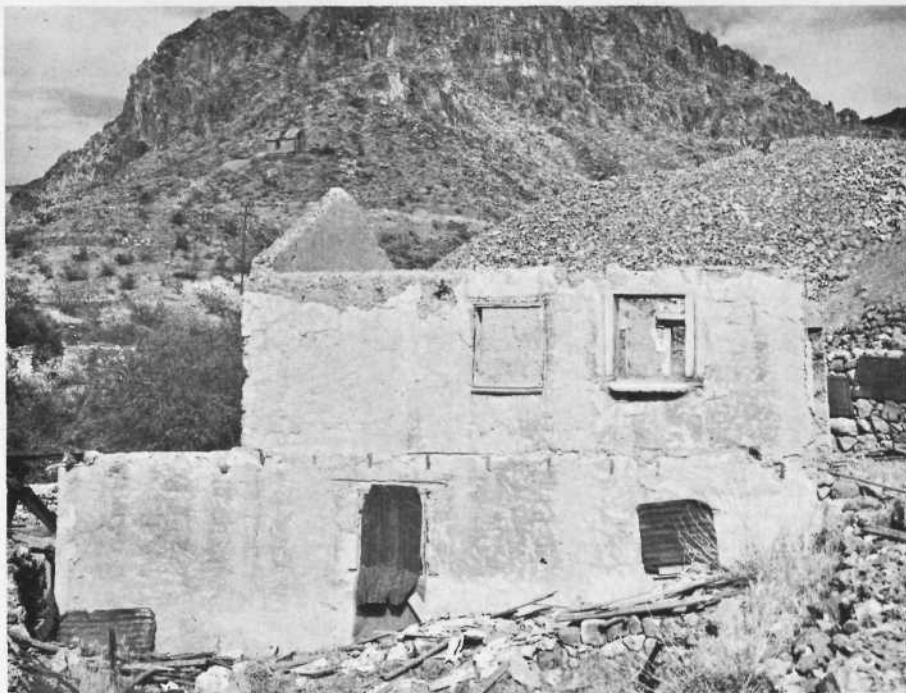
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A monthly feature by
the author of
Ghost Town Album,
Ghost Town Trails, and
Ghost Town Shadows.

Goldroad, Arizona

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



STRETCHING BETWEEN Kingman and Goldroad is a range called the Black Mountains. A narrow, black top road winds southwest from Kingman, surmounts Sitgreaves Pass, then drops in a series of dizzying hairpin turns to the completely abandoned ghost town of Goldroad. The town is huddled in a rocky basin near the foot of the grade. The road continues three miles to Oatman, a near-ghost and the locale of many spectacular scenes in the movie *How the West Was Won*. Between Goldroad and Oatman is the start of a dirt road that heads easterly toward Parker Dam and the Colorado River, but let the traveler beware. This road crosses several washes filled with deep unstable sand. This reporter got plenty of blisters digging his car out of one of these. On the hills along the south side are several deposits of translucent, milky chalcedony, some pieces large enough to cut. Start looking about the time you come in sight of the Colorado.

While not matching the short life records of a Rhyolite or a Rawhide, Goldroad blazed into prominence just after the turn of the century, then gradually faded away until 1947, when total destruction was accomplished by its owners—a calculated tax saving, perhaps.

As early as 1863 free gold was discovered four miles from the site of where Goldroad would be. From a hole 10 feet across and 10 feet deep, John Moss and his partner took \$240,000.

On reinvesting the money in further exploration they found they had already found all the gold there was. The subsequent discoveries of rich silver deposits in the Cerbat range north of Kingman lured discouraged miners from the Black Mountains.

As the 20th century opened, Jose Jeres, a Mexican peasant turned prospector, was wandering along the southern edge of the Black Mountains. Deciding to rest, he tied his burro to an ironwood tree near a protruding rock. But the stone never served as a seat. It showed glints of gold. Hastily Jeres staked out a claim, picked up a few samples he had chipped off and departed for Kingman. He had been in the field three months and his \$12.50 grubstake was about gone.

The man who provided these funds was Henry Lovin, a merchant in Kingman. With some reluctance, he accompanied Jeres to the scene of the claim. Once there, however, he gave way to enthusiasm, convinced that here was a bonanza. News of the find leaked out and touched off a full scale rush to the site. Included in the first influx of opportunists were representatives of a Los Angeles mining and promotion concern. Told that the first bag of ore from the Lovin-Jeres mine had assayed at 40 ounces of gold to the ton, they immediately offered the partners \$50,000 for their claim. Lovin accepted first, possibly with the earlier Moss fiasco in mind. Then Jeres agreed, likely thinking of

what he could do with all that money in the nearest fleshpot.

The immediate future of Lovin the merchant might have been anticipated. He invested his half of the money in a freighting and store concession in flourishing Goldroad, thereby reaping a fortune. Jeres, though, found a more congenial, if temporary, partner in John Barleycorn. By 1906 he was dead from a self-prescribed dose of rat poison.

The town's greatest glory came during a period between 1905 and 1910 when gold bars worth anywhere from \$15,000 to \$45,000 were produced with regularity. At that time the main street was solidly lined on both sides with substantial stores, dancehalls and saloons.

The ghost town hunter of the present will find ruin in the town, but not effacement. Many buildings retain some semblance to their former glory, especially the one shown in our photo. It, like the others, was built of what was available in the absence of lumber—native clay and stone. Instead of the commonly shaped bricks of sun-dried adobe, these are of clay and straw or weeds rammed into forms. The picture was taken about 1960. While rains are infrequent, they are heavy when they fall and may have further dissolved the walls. This green-thumbed reporter observed a white oleander flourishing beside one of the houses and has since often wondered whether the bush, usually a greenhouse or garden subject, still lives. ///

Part of a series of articles relating Sam Hicks' first-hand observations
of the uses made by primitive peoples of nature's products.

Desert Dispensary

by Sam Hicks

POPOTILLO

Popotillo is probably the best known desert herb used for making medicinal tea. Often called "Squaw Tea" this leafless, green shrub grows abundantly throughout the Southwest and is taken regularly by many as a kidney medicine and as a general tonic. Most Indian and Mexican people who use Popotillo claim that it is not medicinally valuable if the inside pith of the round, jointed shoots is not reddish-brown in color. It is available in nearly all health food stores.



GOBERNADORA

Gobernadora, Greasewood and Creosote Bush are names frequently used for the same hardy shrub which grows unchecked for thousands of miles across the face of the great Southwestern Desert. Tea cooked from its leaves and branch tips is taken for coughs, colds and many other afflictions, including B.O.

Steam baths from a weak solution of Gobernadora tea produce much sweating and are taken as a treatment for flu, arthritic and rheumatic conditions and as a general aid to personal cleanliness and good health. Gobernadora steam baths redden the skin and cause it to tingle vigorously. If continued they become increasingly painful and discretion must be used in the number of baths given an ailing person. Natives of the Southwest recommend that the average individual should not have more than two Gobernadora steam baths each year.

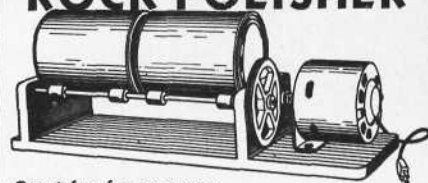
Its wood is easily ignited and makes a hot cooking fire which goes out quickly when it is no longer needed. Gobernadora shrubs have caused more flat tires for desert travelers than have all the sharp rocks, cactus and other rough country hazards combined. The seasoned desert traveler goes a long way around to avoid running a tire through the base of a Gobernadora bush. ///



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(Continued from Page 31)

the birds and animals. It is better to have a badger at one's own feeding trough than over the mountain at the water hole of one's well-fed enemy.

For recreation, for art, for religion—for some reason, at least—the Indians liked to travel to the lava fields. Did they peck away at the recalcitrant basalt, fashioning crude geometric and anthropomorphic designs, to appease the Gods, to placate the wraiths of slain animals, to point a trail, to celebrate a birth or a death, or simply to while away the seasons of the desert year? I don't know, and no one else does; but everyone has his notion. Mine is this: they felt a need to create something more than a scraper, an anvil stone, or a child. They may have been devotees of art for art's sake. There are many petroglyphs among the lava fields of the Rodman Mountains. Recently signs were installed in this 4-wheel drive desert wilderness, so now you can't miss them.

There is a small pool of water at Cottonwood Springs, just enough water for a few birds and animals, not enough to satisfy the roots of the aging trees. The cottonwoods become more and more ragged. Year by year, the spring becomes a diminished thing, really post-pluvial. The desert is drying up, I think. But once there was enough water to sustain a good many Shoshoni. Until recently, the area was rich in their artifacts.

Cottonwood Springs is at one end of a narrow gauge railroad. The other end

is at Old Woman Springs, a mile or so to the east. The railroad is the most charming toy in these parts. It has rolling stock, a station, a Western Union telegraph office, semaphores, switches, sidings—everything to please the sentimental heart of a railroad buff. The president and proprietor also owns Cottonwood and Old Woman Springs—and a chain of profitable hotels. In brief, he is a monied person, and uses his engine, lounge car, and caboose to transport his guests at a chugging pace from spring to spring.

Old Woman Springs is a green delight. There is water—enough to support two sizable ponds, each of several acres; an alfalfa spread of 100 or so acres; shade trees in abundance around the house and barns; flocks of geese and ducks; and one aged "biting dog." He nipped me in the heel when I wasn't looking. Fair enough: there is a sign that warns against the brute. Visitors are not welcome. You and I will never be invited to ride the Old Woman-Cottonwood Express, but when you see it chugging from spring to spring as you drive along the highway, you'll know what it is.

I have described a typical day, a relaxing one, and an inexpensive one. I bought my five acres from the Federal government for \$275.00. Although my desert has its steady attractions and powerful beauties, it is not the heavenly pasture often depicted by the Chambers of Commerce. Sometimes flies buzz and snap and the sun's overpowering light daunts my eyes and, often, the winds are "sinister," as J. B. Priestly, writing about my particular area in his *Midnight on the Desert*, once complained. But, fortunately, the wind does not always blow on the Mohave, the sun often sets, flies are not always voracious and body lotion can be purchased in most drug stores. And then, of course, there are similar vast, serene and smogless views available at nearby guest ranches where even a cave-dweller checks in occasionally for a bath, a soft bed, and a good home-cooked meal. ///

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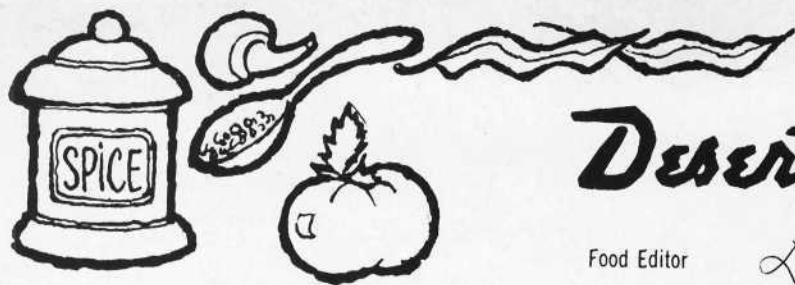
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Inedale Carlson

TOMATO SOUP DRESSING

- 1 can Campbell's tomato soup
 - 1 cup salad oil
 - 1 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 1 teaspoon black pepper
 - Dash of paprika
- Mix dry ingredients together, and add to liquids. Refrigerate and shake well before using.

SUMMER GARDEN DRESSING

- 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 3 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
 - 1 teaspoon celery seed
 - 1 teaspoon grated onion
 - 1 teaspoon horseradish-mustard
 - 1 teaspoon sugar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
- Mix all together and refrigerate.

FRUIT MAYONNAISE

Beat 2 eggs, add juice of a lemon and beat again until quite thick. Season with 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cook over hot water until creamy, then add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon cream. Beat well and beat in 1 tablespoon currant jelly.

YOGURT DRESSING

- 6 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 6 tablespoons yogurt
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 tablespoons catsup
- 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 hard-cooked eggs

Place mayonnaise, yogurt, oil, vinegar and lemon juice in a bowl. Beat with rotary beater until smooth and well-blended. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Cut eggs finely and stir into dressing. Chill. 1-1/2 cups dressing.

ORANGE SALAD DRESSING

- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup tarragon vinegar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Garlic salt to taste.

Pour into large bowl, oil, orange juice, lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, paprika and salt. Beat with rotary beater until blended. Pour into quart jar to store and refrigerate. Before serving, shake well. 1-1/2 pints. Good on tossed green salad or fruit.

EASY THOUSAND ISLAND

To 1 cup mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, add 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1/2 small onion, chopped, 1/2 cup chili sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt. If desired, you may add chopped olives.

WILTED LETTUCE DRESSING

- 1 medium onion sliced very thin
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- 2/3 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt (less if bacon is very salty)
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons sour cream or evaporated milk

Fry bacon until crisp, remove from grease and drain on paper towel. To bacon drippings in skillet, add vinegar, water, sugar and salt. Bring to boil. Beat egg until light, add milk or cream. Pour boiling liquid over egg mixture, then pour all back into skillet and cook over low heat until somewhat thickened. Sprinkle bacon bits and chopped onion over lettuce, and pour dressing over, toss lightly.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

- 1 cup sour cream
 - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
 - 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
 - 1/2 cucumber, peeled and grated
 - 1/4 cup chopped radishes
 - 2 tablespoons chopped scallions
- Salt and pepper to taste.
Combine all ingredients, blend well and chill. 1 3/4 cups.

FRENCH DRESSING

- Mix together:
- 1 chopped green onion
 - 1 teaspoon sugar
 - 1/4 teaspoon coarse black pepper
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 1/4 teaspoon celery seed
 - 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - 2/3 cup salad oil
- Blend well and chill. Shake before using.

GREEN GODDESS DRESSING

- 1-1/2 cups mayonnaise
 - 4 anchovy fillets, finely cut
 - 2 tablespoons chopped onion
 - 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
 - 1 teaspoon chopped tarragon
 - 2 teaspoons chopped chives
 - Dash garlic salt
 - 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
- Mix all together until blended and chill. 1 3/4 cups.

PIQUANT SALAD DRESSING

- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
 - 1 cup salad oil
 - 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1 tablespoon brown sugar
 - 1 teaspoon onion salt
 - 1 teaspoon garlic salt
 - 1 teaspoon paprika
 - 1/2 teaspoon oregano
 - 1/2 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper
 - 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- Combine ingredients and blend thoroughly. Chill and shake well before using. Yields 2 1/4 cups dressing.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

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Is DESERT Stuff? . . .

To the Editor: If the National Park Service sees fit to proclaim Paul Bunyon's "POTTEY" with a roadside marker, why must DESERT change it to a "chamber pot?" See August/September issue.

RAYE PRICE,
Salt Lake City

Editor's Note: Because the National Park Service doesn't know how to spell "potty" and DESERT's editor does know how to spell "chamber pot." C.P.

Pegleg No Secret . . .

To the Editor: In the controversy over the location of The Lost Pegleg Mine, may I add a few lines? I wrote the first story that DESERT Magazine published about this historic event in which I interviewed a man by the name of H. C. Marshall, near Travertine Rocks. Marshall said he was an old friend of Pegleg Smith and the last time he saw him Pegleg came to his home in Portland and he loaned him \$250 to come to San Bernardino and assemble a prospecting outfit with which to look for the lost gold deposit, which he said was on the old Butterfield Stage Route opposite a well where all emigrant trains stopped to water up. This well was in the southern part of the Borrego Reservation a few miles east of Warner's Ranch, and the black gold nuggets were found on the top of one of the three little hills opposite the well. This old well is located in the San Pasqual Wash that runs from Corn Springs to Warner's Ranch and can easily be located by following the old stage route. There is no secret about the location, but anyone trying to locate the nuggets should have a good locator of metal.

W. A. LINKLETTER,
Indio, California

To the Man Who Found Pegleg's Gold . . .

We have eaten up the issues since March, laughed at the subtle letters wanting you to identify yourself, got mad at the greed of some, but knew you were clever enough to ignore the traps of ways for you to spend your money. Last month was the best ever with your explanation, but don't publish any other map or data that might give another clue.

This world is so lacking in wonder and imagination, but you made our mouths water with envy from just finding something new, not the monetary value.

We have been to the desert three times and seeing the litter and the cans and bottles, we grit our teeth, clean up all we find, and swear at all those who could do such a thing to such beautiful country. We sit and watch the desert life, wonder at the scenery, color, the wondrous plants, gather rocks with mica, fools gold, petrified wood to put on our shelves and then take all the pictures we can to look at all through the long winter. Oh, if you only knew what you have out there. We sit in the evening, the block of houses disappear, and there are the mountains with streams, the desert with golds, purples, reds, and yellows. Our quiescent friends think us a little mad.

All our good wishes and please don't destroy the illusion by telling anyone where it is. We are going to look for it on our own vacation, just for the spirit of adventure.

THE WILLENBACHER FAMILY,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Your story in the March issue is of inordinate interest to me because I have been interested in the Peg Leg stories for many years. In 1946 I came upon information relative to the finding of a gun by a woman from Rosemond, Calif., which was purported to have belonged to Pegleg Smith. Prior to this time, through relatives, I had access to a map which had been in the Smith family for 80 years. I also knew the story of the deserter from Yuma who found Pegleg's saddlebags. Knowing the simple practice of inverting a map to conceal a location, I studied relief maps in the Geodetic Survey Office and found the landmarks and identifying spots indicated.

In 1959 a pilot was intrigued with my story and offered to fly me over the terrain to see if the spots indicated could be reached by jeep. Not only did we locate the three buttes from the air, but we were able to follow the entire route presumed to have been taken by Pegleg who would come into San Bernardino with a packload of nuggets and sneak out when they were gone, after being sure no one was on his trail. A pertinent spot on the map was labeled "sacrificial spot." In time we located the area and explored it afoot and by jeep and were satisfied that it coincided in detail with the old map. There were millions of black rocks, large and small. None we found were gold. We concluded that subsequent sandstorms and weathering had covered the original site, but we were satisfied we had found the location of Pegleg Smith's find.

The purpose of this letter is to remind you that there is more than one Pegleg story and I congratulate you on your find. It does not preclude the possibility that you made an original discovery and that the area we surveyed could be Pegleg Smith's site where some happy wanderer may someday justify our search. However, I don't believe your Pegleg story is true. It would entail some 599 sales with gold at \$34-\$35 per ounce. This would be conspicuous in Alaska.

THELMA V. DUNLAP,
Compton, California

All for Pegleg . . .

To the Editor: I just picked up the July copy of DESERT and right now I have a boiler that is foaming and if these people do not stop telling "Pegleg" what he should do with his gold, I am liable to get water down into my cylinder and blow a head right off.

The first and only question I would ask these people is, "If you had the Pegleg gold, would you do what you want him to do?" I will give better odds than you can get in Las Vegas, that they would not. If "Pegleg" wants to give a nugget to the Editor, I am happy. If he should want to send some to the Queen of England or look up Charley Twohorse's son, Hairy Twofords, it is still fine. I say that this is supposed to be a free country. He found this gold and earned it by free enterprise. It is his right to tell or not to tell where he found it.

A man named Bill Higgins and I are looking for the Lost Quail Ledge in last February's DESERT. We don't talk about where it might be. We just talk about where it is not. I think that is our right.

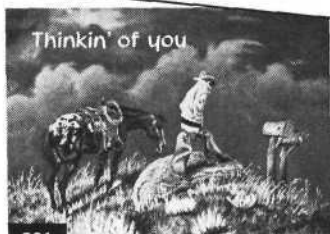
"People have certain unalienable rights—Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Can't "Pegleg" have them too? I am for "Pegleg" 101½% all the way.

JACK DERFUS,
Burbank, California

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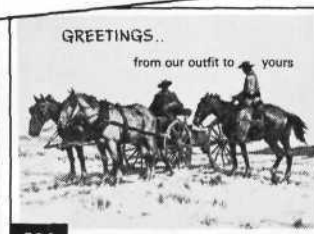
501 Thinkin' of You—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season



502 Down from the Hills—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



503 A Tree for the Ranch—May the Wonderful Spirit of Christmas be with you all through the Year



504 Greetings...from our Outfit to Yours—With Best Wishes for the Season and a Prosperous New Year



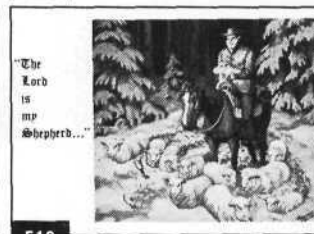
505 Cow Country Christmas—Western verse by S. Omar Barker



506 Silent Night—May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the coming Year



507 Special Delivery—Appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker



510 "The Lord is my Shepherd"—The 23rd Psalm and greeting



511 Lost...and Found for Christmas—Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, too!



514 Feeding Off the Ridges—Best Wishes for the Season and for Every Day of the Coming Year



515 Mail Quartet—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year in music form



517 Christmas Eve Callers—Appropriate verse by artist



518 Holiday Stage—Best Wishes for a Real Old Fashioned Christmas and a New Year filled with Cheer



519 Peace On Earth—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you today and all through the Year



522 Christmas Handouts—Greeting is a warm and friendly six-line descriptive western verse



524 The Lord's Candles—Western verse by S. Omar Barker



525 Appropriate verse—Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year



527 Wood for the Christmas Fires—Verse accompanied by greeting—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year



529 Christmas Eve in a Line Camp—Merry Christmas



530 Christmas Eve at the Church—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

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